TRANSVESTISM

...men in female dress

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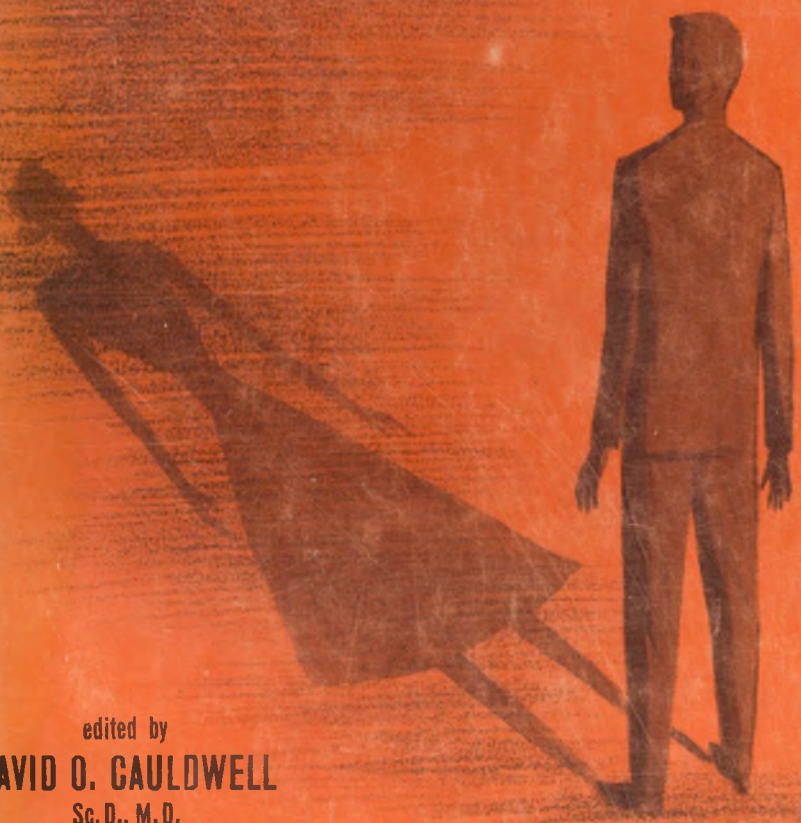

edited by
DAVID O. CAULDWELL
Sc.D., M.D.

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Preface

TO the knowledge of the publishers, this is the first major book wholly devoted to the subject of transvestism.

It is particularly important to understand the nature and origins of this strange socio-sexual inclination at this time. Psychiatrists and criminologists inform us that the reported incidence of this sexual anomaly is increasing enormously in the United States and Europe.

Stories of men who dress in women's clothes have been recorded as far back as ancient history. But it was not until the beginnings of modern psychology and sexology in the late 19th Century that a more scientific and objective appraisal of this deviation appeared in the medical and general sexological literature. Today many textbooks on sexual anomalies deal at least briefly with the subject of transvestism.

Unfortunately, little scientific research has been done on the problem of the transvestite, perhaps for the following reasons:

Other sexual deviations, like homosexuality, represent more sensational social problems. Furthermore, most transvestites engage in their unusual practices in the privacy of their own homes. Few permit themselves to be apprehended in public while dressed in the clothes of the opposite sex. Finally, our knowledge of the nature of human nature generally, and of deviations from the norm in human personality specifically, is very meager.

As a result of the lack of scientific attention to this problem, almost as many theories exist about its origin as there are books which contain discussions of the subject.

Transvestism is a term denoting a deviation "in which the person dresses in the clothes of the opposite sex." (*The American Illustrated Medical Dictionary*). *Webster's New International Dictionary* defines it as "an addiction to wearing garments of the other sex."

Havelock Ellis was the first great modern sexologist to attempt an authoritative discussion of transvestism. He called this deviation *eonism,* after the Chevalier d'Eon, famous French historical figure who was a transvestite. Havelock Ellis considered that the cause of transvestism lay in an overidentification of a man with the woman he loves, stimulated

by feminine elements in himself and a weak sexual virility. He also believed that an unwholesome childhood with too close an attachment to the mother was a predisposition to the development of this condition.

Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, the famed German sexologist, was the first to use the word *transvestism* to describe this sexual deviation. Whereas before his work — and indeed by most writers today — transvestism was identified with homosexuality, Hirschfeld, as a result of many scientific studies, pointed out that "today we are in a position to say with every certainty that, just as there are homosexuals who are not transvestites, so there are transvestites who have no homosexual tendencies whatever and feel sexually drawn to the opposite sex alone. Transvestism therefore is a condition that occurs independently and must be considered separately from any other sexual anomaly." (*Sexual Anomalies,* by Magnus Hirschfeld, M.D., Emerson Books, Inc., New York, 1948).

Hirschfeld recognized four types of transvestism: (1) heterosexual; (2) homosexual; (3) narcissistic; (4) asexual.

In a more modern work, Dr. Hugo G. Beigel uses the word *transvestitism.* He defines it as: "The disposition of a man for wearing women's dresses or of a woman for wearing men's clothing. It is considered a *perversion* and, if practiced publicly, a public nuisance. Transvestitism may have one of its roots in the *protest* against one's sex rôle and is closely related to *homosexuality* and *fetishism.*" (*Encyclopedia of Sex Education,* by Hugo G. Beigel, Ph.D., Wm. Penn Publishing Corp., New York, 1952). Dr. Beigel also indicates that a parent's habit of dressing a boy as a girl, giving him a girl's name, or making him feel that a daughter was preferred to him, are additional factors which may cause transvestite inclinations.

The famous German psychoanalyst, Dr. Wilhelm Stekel, believed that transvestism was always a manifestation of latent homosexuality. Dr. Clifford Allen, the noted English psychiatrist and specialist in sexual deviations, agrees with this view. He says: "We do not believe that transvestism is ever a manifestation of heterosexuality." He feels that "those ignorant of the deeper currents of the human mind are likely to jump to the conclusion that transvestism is probably caused by the child being forced to wear clothes of the opposite sex; the boy being brought up as a girl or vice versa."

Dr. Allen, while recognizing the importance of the conditioning process in the development of transvestite inclinations, continues to emphasize that homosexuality "is the main or primary root of trans-

vestism. Transvests are usually found to be more or less homosexual, although in some cases the homosexuality is deeply repressed . . . This is basically a homosexual illness. The patient identifies himself with his mother and so behaves like a woman to a greater or lesser degree." (*The Sexual Perversions and Abnormalities,* by Clifford Allen, M.D., Oxford University Press, London, 1949).

A recent study of sexual deviations by Dr. George W. Henry classifies transvestism as "narcissistic homosexuality or heterosexuality." He says that "transvestism can be a goal in itself, but it also can be a man's manifestation of frustration and a retreat to childish pleasures." (*All the Sexes,* by G. W. Henry, M.D., Rinehart and Co., Inc., 1955).

Dr. Benjamin Karpman, in his exhaustive study of sexual deviations, returns to the traditional and popular point of view that "transvestism is a vicarious expression of a powerful homosexual drive which is unconscious and dares not seek overt expression . . . Transvestism occurs mainly in people who seemingly are constituted on a heterosexual basis. It has an interlocking relationship with other paraphilias, as exhibitionism, fetishism, etc., and as in other paraphilias, the problem of unconscious or latent homosexuality looms large." (*The Sexual Offender and His Offenses,* by Benjamin Karpman, M.D., Julian Press, Inc., 1954).

A completely different theory about the basis of transvestism is enunciated by the famed English psychiatrist and criminologist, Dr. Norwood East. As a result of his extensive research into the problem, Dr. East differentiates and separates transvestism from homosexuality. "Although homosexuals may dress up as women to increase or vary their attraction to other men, the true male transvestite obtains sexual gratification from pretending to be a woman, and his phantasy is facilitated by wearing her clothing. In appearance, manners and interests, they seem and feel more feminine than masculine and naturally adopt the little characteristic mannerisms of women. . . It is important to distinguish this type from the homosexual, as they pass their lives with no sign of sexual interest in their own sex . . . In the true transvestite . . . sexual activity is confined to phantasy and autoerotic habits." (*Sexual Offenders,* by Norwood East, Delisle, London, 1955).

Dr. Kenneth Walker, on the other hand, believes that transvestism is probably caused by "social conditioning" rather than by "any inherited sexual abnormality." He presents the thought-provoking point of view that "many of the unassuaged desires the sufferer from this condition is trying to alleviate by his masquerade are the result of repressions

stemming from the completely artificial distinctions made in our culture between men and women—in dress, deportment, manners, and approved masculine or feminine behaviour patterns. If we were all emotionally mature enough to deal with each other as human beings, not 'males' and 'females', this 'deviation' would very rarely occur. It is after all a deviation from a very abnormal 'norm'." (*Sex and Society,* by Drs. Kenneth Walker and Peter Fletcher, Penguin Books, 1955.)

One of the most thorough-going studies of human sexual behavior in males and females was made by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates in the Institute for Sex Research at the University of Indiana. Dr. Kinsey's investigations have led him to consider transvestism as a distinct anomaly separate from homosexuality. Together with many other psychiatrists and psychologists, he believes that this sexual deviation is a psychologically conditioned inclination acquired after birth as a result of precise and specific environmental experiences. He disputes the theories of glandular causation and constitutional origin.

"Psychologically," says Dr. Kinsey, "the phenomenon (of transvestism) sometimes depends upon an individual's erotic attraction for the opposite sex. A male, for instance, may be so attracted to females that he wishes to be permanently identified with them. He wants to have sexual relationships with them, and he wishes to live permanently with them, as another female might live with them. The neighbors may believe it to be two females who are living together, although it is sexually a heterosexual relationship which is involved.

"Sometimes transvestism depends upon an individual's violent reactions against his or her own sex. If he is attracted, he may have heterosexual relationships. But he may so idealize females that he is offended by the idea of having sexual relationships with them, and then he may be left without any opportunity for socio-sexual contacts, because his dislike for individuals of his own sex will prevent him from having sexual relationships with them.

"There are some psychiatrists who consider all transvestism homosexual, but this is incorrect. Transvestism and homosexuality are totally independent phenomena, and it is only a small portion of the transvestites who are homosexual in their physical relationships . . .

"In not a few instances transvestism develops out of a fetishistic interest in the clothing or some part of the clothing of the opposite sex. The adoption of the clothing of the opposite sex may not modify the

original sexual history of the individual, whether it was heterosexual or homosexual.

"There are many cases of transvestism which are associated with sadomasochism. Then the masochistic male wishes to be identified as a female in order to be subjugated as males might, conceivably, subjugate a female . . .

"It is clear that transvestism depends very largely upon the individual's capacity to be conditioned psychologically. There are few phenomena which more strikingly illustrate the force of psychologic conditioning. It is therefore highly significant to find that an exceedingly large proportion of the transvestites are anatomically males who wish to assume the rôle of the female in the social organization." (*Sexual Behavior in the Human Female,* by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and Associates, W. B. Saunders Co.).

While this new volume does not pretend to be the final authoritative textbook on transvestism, it does present to the general public a variety of points of view, as expressed by a number of distinguished physicians and sexologists who have had extensive experience with transvestites. In addition, autobiographic case histories written by transvestites themselves are presented to give a more complete picture of this sexual anomaly.

Special note should be made of the fact that most of the material in this book was originally published in Sexology, a unique American publication that has been pioneering in the field of scientific sex education for decades.

Some psychiatrists and sexologists believe that transvestism is caused by physical feminine elements which are present in the body of the transvestite. Others state that this phenomenon originates in latent "homosexual instincts." Many other scientists, as a result of new research, are concluding that transvestism is a form of *learned* sexual behavior representing a pattern of sexual activity which was taught to the transvestite after birth as he developed from childhood to adulthood.

One thing is clear: whether we consider transvestism an inherited constitutional phenomenon or a manifestation of personality disorder and social conditioning, we cannot escape the need for studying this sexual deviation in all its many ramifications and varied forms of expression.

Mark Tarail, B.A., M.S.

Introduction

IT is not generally known that many men and women have more than a passing interest in wearing the attire decreed, socially, as pertaining to the opposite sex. This practice was termed by the late Dr. Havelock Ellis, *cross-dressing*. Technically, the practice is known as *transvestism*. An extensive study by the writer of this sexual inclination indicates that there are far more male than female transvestites. This is true in spite of the fact that millions of women wear clothing which is but little different in design from the attire worn by males.

What Is Transvestism

Technically, transvestism involves impersonation. One can hardly be called an actual transvestite unless the practice involves an effort to conceal the identity of the sex to which one belongs. Not many years ago, a woman appearing in public in male attire would have been regarded as having a ridiculous appearance. Today women appear in public in slacks, jeans, overalls, trousers, shirts and even head-coverings designed for males. They are not regarded as eccentrics or as transvestites because they do not seek to hide their identity as females.

A man appearing in public wearing a dress, yet leaving no shadow of doubt as to his true sexual identity, would create laughter. Even the police would consider the man's conduct a gag.

Some years ago, while stopping at a bus station in the Ozarks for car service, the writer was amazed to observe a man alighting from a bus wearing a derby, smoking a cigar and clad in a "mother-hubbard" garment. The man was dropsical and was dressed for comfort.

What we may call a form of concealed transvestism often involves actual transvestites as well as persons, particularly males, only mildly interested or curious as to how it would feel to appear publicly as a

female. We see such impersonations in masquerades and plays staged under the guise, at times, of benefit performances.

Transvestism and Homosexuality

Transvestism does not necessarily involve homosexuality. *Few transvestites are homosexuals.* It is interesting, however, to note that various affairs, such as stag masquerades and amateur plays in which a certain number of males impersonate females, are arranged by male homosexuals. The writer knows this because he has personally received numerous letters in which male homosexuals explained their reasons for promoting such affairs. It gave them an opportunity to see males disrobed.

On various occasions, newspapers have published pictures of the characters in amateur plays. It is not difficult, when looking at these pictures, to identify the actual transvestites. Although one knows that none of the characters are women, those individuals who are correctly dressed in female attire and who look like women are real transvestites, while those less meticulously groomed have either been "roped-in" or have taken part because of a mild interest in cross-dressing.

Some transvestites are so clever in their practices that they dress and live for years as members of the sex to which they do not belong. Many such cases, when discovered through some inadvertency on their part, have been publicized in the press. Although he has no tabulation, it is the writer's impression that these instances have more often involved females. The sex of numerous such individuals has been revealed through illness, sometimes crime, and death.

Interesting is that phase of transvestism wherein wives insist that their husbands dress as women. It seems likely that in some of these cases the wife has a strong inclination toward *lesbianism* (female homosexuality). In a few instances, the writer has received letters from husbands stating that their wives had admitted "early" homosexual experiences.

Instances have occurred involving two female homosexuals who actually got married. This involved the necessity for one of them to cross-dress. Now and then such a case is discovered and details are given in the press. In one such instance, although the marital plan did not materialize, the more masculine of two girls planned to dress as a man, work and make the living, and "grow a mustache." In a fit of jealousy, this female husband-to-be murdered her bride-to-be by slashing her throat.

Transvestism and Narcissism

Many instances of transvestism in males are motivated by a narcissistic urge. Such males want to make themselves "beautiful," so that they may admire themselves. They do not particularly care whether they are "accepted." Many letters which the writer has received from male transvestites have described the gratification it gave them to dress in "lovely, sheer, intimate" garments and lounge all evening looking often at their reflections in one or more full-view mirrors.

In the case of one such person, the parents of the young man suggested to their doctor (who was a member of a nudist group) that it might be helpful for the doctor to take the young man to a nudist camp as his visitor for the day. As they were preparing to dress for the trip home, the doctor stated that he would be happy to have a tall cool drink. The patient said (while still dressed only in his skin): "Yes, and I'll be glad to get home and out of these hot togs, and put on my beautiful sheer intimate feminine garments."

The foregoing illustrates the persistence of the transvestite in the pursuit of transvestism. Even so, there are transvestites who sincerely desire to give up their practices in the matter of attire. A great many actually do. In most instances, no such desire to change exists.

There are some physicians, psychologists, sociologists and others who regard transvestism as a disease. Many other observers disagree. Actually, although the practice may be regarded as anti-social (and it sometimes is), transvestites as a rule are unusually well-behaved. Thus their behavior is not comparable to that of psycho-neurotics and others who are mentally ill.

Legal Aspects

We often have been asked about the legality of transvestite practices. In the United States and several other countries, the practice of transvestism in public is condemned. Even in states or municipalities where no specific laws have been enacted against public cross-dressing, there are general laws under which prosecution may be brought.

In some of the oriental countries, noblemen, men of high caste and, in some instances, wealthy landlords wear skirts as a mark of their rank or standing. The peasants, male and female alike, wear what we call masculine attire.

In Tahiti and on various other South Sea Islands, according to recent reports, transvestism is permitted openly and freely.

Clothing has always been a matter of prevailing customs. Long ago, in some countries, a loose robe was in vogue. Frequently the robe was fashioned after the style of our present-day blankets. Skill was required to prevent what now would be called "exposure" or "public indecency."

Our "strong" men in the United States would, today, disdain the dressing habits of our founding fathers. Few males, today, would wear powdered wigs of long hair, or laces and frills. The average male, who is not a transvestite, would reject the idea because he has been accustomed to hearing that such practices would be considered "sissy." Male transvestites would not object to the laces or, perhaps, even the powdered long wigs. They would reject the idea of pants of any kind, except those referred to commonly as "panties."

Transvestism and Fetishism

When we think of the days of corsets when women were painfully laced into the unhealthy contraptions, it is surprising to learn that there are male transvestites who are happy only when laced as tightly as possible into a corset and wearing painfully small shoes with extremely high heels. This, of course, usually involves *masochism* (sexual stimulation through pain and punishment) or *fetishism* (sexual stimulation through sight, touch, and smell of certain objects or articles). The latter includes various parts of the body.

It should be stated that because of persistence and devotion to cross-dressing, transvestites almost universally make a fetish of their obsession. Furthermore, the obsession often becomes a compulsion.

Suitably talented tranvestites frequently find relief through dramatic expression and become entertainers in the rôles of impersonators of females. Yet not all female impersonators in the entertainment world are transvestites.

Female transvestites frequently express themselves by visiting clubs where they meet other transvestites of their own sex. Many are so clever that they mingle with men, readily passing themselves off as males.

Trans-sexualism

Trans-sexualists (those who wish to change their sex) are always transvestites. Were this not so, they would not desire to be transformed into members of the sex to which they do not belong. In this connection, it is appropriate to state that change of sex is impossible. A person

who *appears* to have both male and female genital organs (a *pseudo-hermaphrodite*) may be surgically restored to his actual biological sexual status. In some such instances, surgical changes have been made so that a pseudo-hermaphroditic male had the sexual appearance of a female. In these cases, when the individual was strongly masculine, unhappiness has occurred when dressing habits were changed of necessity.

In an instance well known to the writer, a young woman (and a sexually "healthy" one at that) finally gave up her idea that she could induce a surgeon to remove her perfectly healthy breasts. She further discovered that having a male genital organ created from a piece of rib cartilage and her own tissues, as she originally had desired, would be a more costly procedure than she could afford. Nevertheless, she was determined to live as a male. She bound her breasts down tightly, had her hair cut short, assumed a masculine name and secured employment as a male. Members of her family offered her wardrobes of the most luxurious finery to fill "her proper rôle in life." They offered her money. She would have none of it. She was persistent in her attachment to transvestism.

In this book, several eminent physicians and medical writers discuss theories concerning the causes and treatment of transvestism. Here, too, transvestites, themselves, tell their own stories and reveal salient features of their case histories. It is not believed that such direct information on the subject has been offered the public in complete book form before. This volume also should help transvestites themselves, their families and others concerned with them to a better understanding of their unusual sexual behavior. Social workers and police departments will especially find enlightening material in this book.

D. O. Cauldwell, Sc.D., M.D.

PART 1

The Origin and Nature of Transvestism

I

Trans-sexualism and Transvestism

by Harry Benjamin, M.D.

TRANSVESTISM is the desire to dress in the clothes of the opposite sex. This term, first used by Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, has the disadvantage of naming a disturbance of behavior and emotion after only *one* of its symptoms, although the most conspicuous one. This symptom, which is also known as "cross-dressing," is the symbolic fulfillment of a deep-seated and more or less intense urge indicating a disharmony of the sexual sense, a sexual indecision or a disassociation of *physical* and *mental* sexuality.

Not every act of "cross-dressing" is transvestitic. Only if it occurs in an atmosphere of emotional pressure, sometimes to the point of compulsion, and is accompanied by a more or less distinct sexual satisfaction, is the term appropriate. Otherwise it would be simple masquerading of a non-affective nature.

The Symptoms

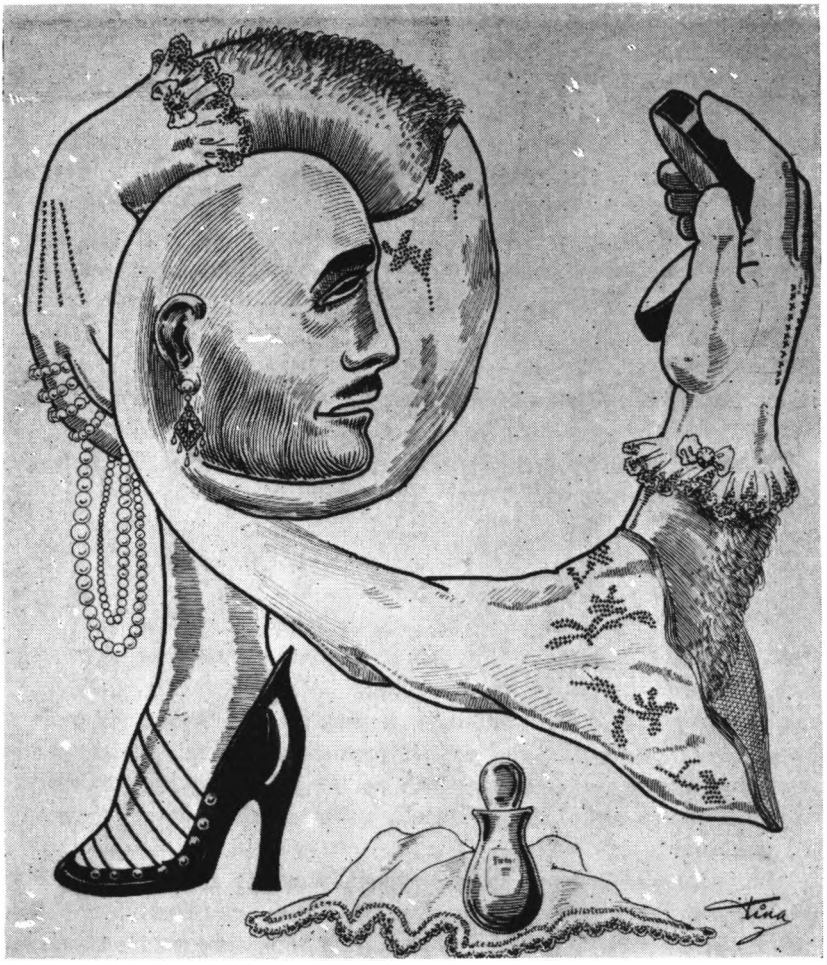
Transvestism can be a form of *fetishism*. If a man, for instance, wears under his suit a feminine corset, or panties or long stockings, he may just want to be close to his beloved fetish. In other cases, however, such action may be a compromise for the transvestite because it might entail social, sometimes marital, complications or it may involve legal risks to dress completely as a woman and appear as such in public. Another compromise is *dressing as a woman only in the privacy of the home*. Both ways leave transvestites, and especially *trans-sexualists,* greatly frustrated and unhappy.

The transvestite wants to be accepted in society as a member of the opposite sex; he or she wants to play the rôle as completely and as successfully as possible. The male transvestite admires the female form and

manners and tries to imitate both with an intensity that varies greatly among individuals. The female transvestite, being legally immune, finds it easier to identify herself with the male sex, acting the part of a man in appearance as well as in conduct.

Trans-sexualism is a different problem and a much greater one. It is

***Transvestism,* by Tina. This noted artist of symbolism presents an impression of a male transvestite. The *true* transvestite is always heterosexual, although he derives his primary sexual satisfaction from wearing female clothes. He uses female make-up and perfume, and is gratified by watching his transformation in a mirror.**



more than just playing a rôle. It is the intense and often obsessive *desire to change the entire sexual status, including the body structure.* While the male transvestite *enacts* the rôle of a woman, the trans-sexualist wants to *be* one and *function* as one, wishing to assume as many of her characteristics as possible, *physical, mental* and *sexual.*

Trans-sexualism and transvestism are decidedly more frequent among *men* than women, like most other sexual deviations. Due to the more permissive fashion in women, female transvestism is less conspicuous, but naturally can involve for the individual the same frustrations and

George ("Christine") Jorgensen—before and after—who underwent surgical and hormone treatment in an effort to become a female. He represents the *somato-psychic* type of transvestite, characterized by the delusion that he is really a female with faulty sex organs. See page 21.—*International News Photos.*

often tragic situations as in men. Since the social and legal complications are infinitely greater in male transvestism and trans-sexualism, this present discussion is largely confined to them.

The trans-sexualist is *a transvestite* as a rule, but the transvestite is not always a trans-sexualist. In fact, most tranvestites would be horrified at the idea of being operated upon. The trans-sexualist, on the other hand, only lives for the day when his hated sex organs can be removed, *organs which to him are only a dreadful deformity.* Therefore the trans-sexualist

always seeks medical aid, while the transvestite as a rule merely asks to be left alone.

To put it differently: In transvestism the sex organs are sources of satisfaction; in trans-sexualism they are sources of disgust. This is an important distinction and perhaps the principal difference. Otherwise there is no sharp separation between the two, one merging into the other. It is quite evident that under the influence of sensational publicity, a reasonably well-adjusted tranvestite could become greatly disturbed and fascinated by ideas of surgical conversion.

Relation to Homosexuality

Homosexual inclinations always exist in the trans-sexualist whether they result in actual physical contacts or not. The libido (sexual desire) as far as sex activities are concerned is usually low and seems to be completely occupied with the sex conversion idea, indicating the close relationship to *narcisissm* (love of one's self). The interpretation of the libido as *homosexual* is strongly rejected by the male trans-sexualists. They consider the fact that they are attracted to men natural, *because they feel like women* and consider themselves of the female sex.

Transvestites on the other hand are mostly *heterosexual,* although their principal sexual outlet seems to be *auto-erotic*. Some are married and raise families, but the marriage rarely endures. Others have understanding girlfriends with whom they sometimes share their wardrobe.

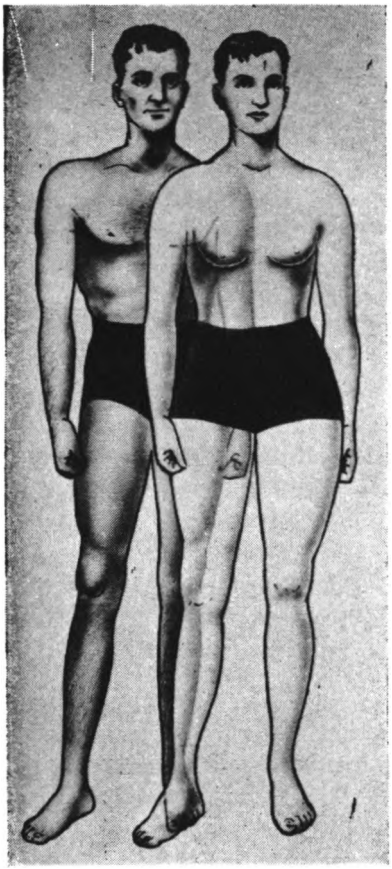
Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates consider transvestism and homosexuality "totally independent phenomena." So they are, as far as overt behavior is concerned. Most homosexuals would not be interested in "cross-dressing," just as most transvestites reject homosexual relations.

Causes

Speculations as to the causes of transvestism and trans-sexualism have led to much controversy in the past. Some scientists believe that all cases have an exclusive *organic* basis. They consider transvestism in all its stages (as well as homosexuality) a form of *intersexuality,* an intermediate sex of hereditary or endocrine origin.

On the other hand there is the strictly *psychological* explanation which traces all such deviations to psychological conditioning, infantile traumata (mental shock), childhood fixations, or an arrested emotional development.

The author believes that in the face of clinical facts, logic and ob-



Two female transvestites. As men they appear "effeminate". As women they look masculine. See page 18. — *After Hirschfeld.*

The intermediate type of transvestite is biologically a male. His physique may also show feminine characteristics. See page 21.

jective observations, neither approach is an exclusive key.

An organic explanation of intersexual phenomena would have to be looked for either in the hereditary mechanism or in the endocrine constitutions, or in a combination of both. Organically, sex is always a *mixture* of male and female components. The ratio varies with the individual, determining the constitutional makeup. Between the "full female" and the "full male," constituting the two extremes on either side (and they are naturally not 100% either), there is every possible intermediate status.

The chromosomal sex (or "genetic sex") normally producing the *homogametic* female (bearing XX chromosomes), or the *heterogametic* male (bearing XY chromosomes) is subject to disturbances most strikingly evidenced by hermaphroditic deformities. Investigations into the

chromosomal sex have shown that it is probably contained in the nuclear structure of all body cells. It has been detected and demonstrated in the epidermal nuclei of the skin. It does not always correspond to the respective endocrine sex. Future research may determine the dominant sex in an individual and may do much to clarify our still incomplete knowledge of the nature of sex. To speak of a male when there are (or were) testicles and a female when there are (or were) ovaries, may be the most practical way to differentiate the sexes; but it is scientifically incorrect and unsatisfactory to the geneticist (student of heredity).

The all-important rôle of environment and of psychological conditioning naturally must be stressed. There are various situations in early childhood that can be held responsible for the development of a sexual deviation. From the "smothering mother" to the dominant female in the family and the cross-dressing of the little boy to please a parent, each case of transvestism can have a different beginning.

The effeminate male may look and behave as he does on a purely psychological basis (imitating his mother for instance), but he may also be the product of a physical mechanism originating in his chromosomes. It is often impossible to distinguish between the two.

Three Types of Tranvestites

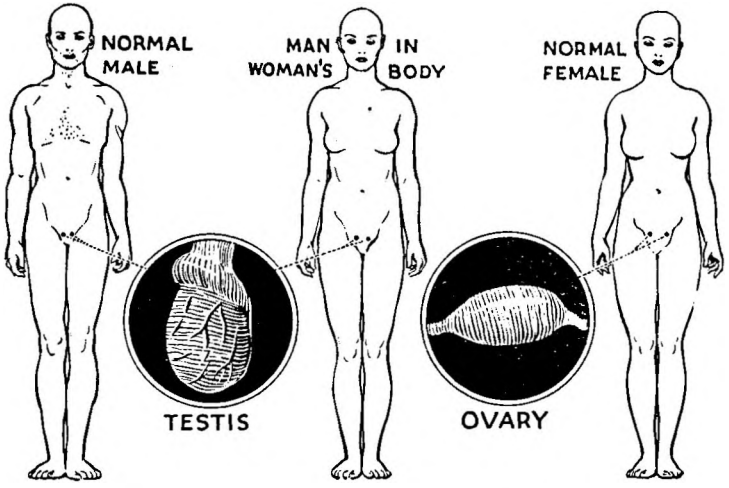
As I have seen them in my practice, there seem to be three principal types of transvestites, classified according to origins and symptoms.

1—*The principally psychogenic tranvestite.* In body structure he is a normal male, but may lack masculinity. The feminine element in his makeup is sufficient to allow an early psychological conditioning to form the transvestitic pattern in later life. This psychological conditioning takes place usually before the age of 12 or 13, and in adolescence. His desire for sexual contacts is usually low, more often *hetero-* than *homosexual.* He is miserable when dressed as a man and immediately comfortable and relaxed in the clothes of a female. He has become an expert in cosmetic makeup and is occasionally in social or legal difficulties. He assumes a feminine first name and wants to be referred to as "she." He is usually introverted, nonaggressive, and his peculiarity hardly interferes with a smooth functioning of society. His conflict results from social pressure and legal restrictions. In fighting his deviation he sometimes over-emphasizes masculinity and becomes known as a "tough guy." In one case, the overcompensation took the form of the patient's having his body tattooed.

More than anything else the psychogenic transvestite wants to see a

change in the existing restrictive laws, so that he can lead a woman's life. *He* does not want to be changed, but *wants society's attitude toward him to change.* Treatment would be principally psychological. Endocrine treatment is seldom considered suitable.

2—*The intermediate type.* His symptoms and problems are fundamentally the same as in type No. 1, but decidedly more pronounced. Therefore he inclines at times toward trans-sexualism, but is at other times content with merely dressing and acting as a woman. He wavers between homo- and heterosexual desires, usually according to chance meetings. He can be a very disturbed person. His self-gratification fantasies are narcissistic and he visualizes himself functioning as a woman.



Although a man's body may have the physical appearance of a woman, his male sex glands identify him as a male.

The *gonads* (sex glands) are usually within normal limits, but may incline toward underdevelopment, suggesting a psycho-sexual infantilism. Skeletal measurements sometimes are of eunuchoid character. He may rate low in masculinity and rather high in femininity on the *Masculine-Feminine* scale. There may be feminine markings in his physical makeup, for instance wide hips, breast development, female hair distribution, etc. Adverse childhood influences often were able to make a deep impression on his personality while his physical characteristics, in turn, would be affected by his unwholesome childhood experiences. Psychosomatic and somato-psychic factors intermingle.

An attempt at treatment may be considered; but *prognosis* (prediction of results of treatment), I believe, is poor. Personally, I have never seen a cure; but the patients usually do not persist in treatment long enough or they have no real desire to be cured. Under the powerful suggestive influence of publicity like that of the *Jorgensen* case, such transvestites may—for the first time—turn toward trans-sexualism.

3—The somato-psychic trans-sexualist. This type is well represented by the case of *Christine Jorgensen,* who published the facts of her own case frankly and with a well-conceived self-analysis.

Feminine appearance and orientation are often striking in these people, although some fully trans-sexual individuals have masculine features. The conviction of these genetic males that they are *really* females, with faulty sex organs, is profound and passionate. Suggestive childhood influences are often evident, but may, in other cases, be vague and not sufficiently plausible to help in explaining the condition. Therefore a still greater degree of constitutional femininity, perhaps due to a chromosomal sex disturbance, must be assumed in spite of the fact that the sex gland status may appear within normal limits. Here, *psychic hermaphroditism* seems to be an apt description.

Sex life is largely mental and non-genital, satisfaction being derived more from their paraphilia (in these cases feminization fantasies and endeavors) than from self-gratification or homosexual contacts.

To summarize my opinion: Our organic sexual constitution, the chromosomal sex, supported and maintained by the endocrines, forms the substance and the material that make up our sexuality. Psychological conditioning determines its final shape and function. The substance is largely inaccessible to treatment (except in its endocrine constituent). The function is the domain of psychotherapy.

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II

Transvestism and Homosexuality

by Winfield Scott Pugh, B.S., M.D.

ALTHOUGH our good conventional "Anglo-Saxon" friends profess to give little attention to sex, they somehow evince quite a bit of curiosity when the occasion offers. In the past, I rather enjoyed watching, in an amateur play, a unique character portrayed by a female impersonator. As the evening wore on, I was asked by several of the guests, what is wrong with these men who so cleverly depict the opposite sex?

My answer invariably is: in many there is absolutely no deviation from the normal, as regards the sex drive. On the other hand, one does see in this group certain males in whom a warped urge is quite evident. There are widely prevalent misconceptions regarding any male who is fond of feminine clothing, or who appears as an "impersonator." It is a false notion to regard these people always as homosexuals. I have met many such individuals in all parts of the world, and the vast majority were by no means lovers of their own sex. But the situations in which these men sometimes find themselves are often difficult.

Some men discover, accidentally, their ability to impersonate the opposite sex and earn substantial salaries in this activity. A few years ago, I met one of these men. He was internationally famous and his family life seemed all that could be desired. He was a good oarsman and an all-around athlete.

Opposite to the type just mentioned, there are men who, in the privacy of their apartments, enjoy the wearing of feminine apparel. These folks are known as *transvestites,* or *Eonists.* (The latter title is in honor of the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, who was born in 1728. This man was of rather frail build and originally thought by his parents to be a girl; in fact, he always appeared dressed as a female and was a member of the

Sisterhood of St. Mary until his eighth year. As a result, he appeared in feminine rôles much of his life, and did considerable secret service work in womanly garb. According to song and story, he never had sex relations with anyone.)

Types of Transvestites

These males are of several types:

(1) The *heterosexual*—loving the opposite sex, in the natural way;

(2) The *bisexual,* with an attraction both to virile masculine women and to feminine men;

(3) The *homosexual*—loving only his own sex;

(4) The *narcissistic* or *self-loving* (very common), in which the feminine components of the subject's own personality give complete satisfaction to his masculine elements;

(5) The *asexual* or *psychologically sexless* variety, often impotent and finding full satisfaction in some feminine occupation, like that of a domestic servant.

There is not the slightest doubt that all of these types exist, as it has been my own privilege to observe them. A well-known scientist tells us he divides the transvestites into other groups, as follows:

(A) Men adopting women's garb;

(B) Women adopting male clothing;

(C) Adults returning to the raiment of childhood.

Another eminent physician insists that transvestism is really a concealed form of homosexuality. This opinion is doubted by others, because many of these cases never reach anything suggesting the true homosexual stage.

There is an important point many observers seem to have overlooked, and that is: we are all products of a male and female. Therefore, it is no wonder to me to find evidences of femininity in a male body and traces of the masculine in our fair sex. It is indeed most surprising that we do not see more of these transvestites; however, there are, no doubt, many whose secrets remain closely guarded.

Stages of Sexual Development

In any consideration of sexual deviation one must also not overlook the fact that all of us passed through three sexual stages of importance. These periods are known as:

(1) The narcissistic: most in evidence in childhood;

(2) The homosexual, prominent as one passes through adolescence;

(3) Final full and normal development is reached in the so-called heterosexual stage when the love motif is directed toward the opposite sex.

Can any of these stages be prolonged and become permanent? Certainly there can be no doubt that narcissism may become permanent.

Three-year-old Jimmy Branigan, being clipped of his curls. He had also been wearing dresses. Transvestism may result in adult life if the parents dress a boy in girl's clothes and let his hair grow long.—*Wide World Photo.*

I am convinced that the parents of a boy play a very important rôle in fostering his fondness for female clothing. It is the easiest thing in the world for those rearing children to implant sex ideas in their minds.

Case History

I have at present under observation a young male who was kept in girls' clothes up to the age of twelve years. This boy, at around the age of nine, developed an intense dislike for anything feminine and resented his girlish apparel. His mother quickly realized the best way to punish her

son was to force on him the detested dresses. Slowly, after passing his twelfth year, he gained a certain degree of independence, and remained free of any sign of psychological deviation until reaching seventeen.

Since then, he has found himself strongly attracted to single pieces of women's clothing. At first, long silk stockings appeared along with garters. Then came the girdle. The wardrobe gradually increased, but was always kept in a place known only to the young man. After a while, he would take a room in some hotel, and sit for hours before the mirror, fully attired as a woman. To add to the satisfaction of the occasion, cigarettes and a small bottle of wine would be indulged in. What of sex? This was entirely a question of self-gratification.

The next stage in this male's life drama opens around the age of twenty-two when we find the young man attempting to associate with women while garbed as one of them. This, for some reason, did not work very well except with a woman of decided masculine tendencies, who introduced him to many things about sex of which he had heretofore been ignorant. He became her abject slave, and remained so until she disappeared about two years later.

Soon after this, our patient found a male companion whose company he greatly enjoyed.

Unfortunately, the story does not cease at this period. He visited a seashore resort, where his apparel suggested something feminine to one of the waiters, who sought his acquaintance. They went for a taxi ride. The machine stopped at a hut, just outside the city limits; and the young man, who liked feminine apparel, became the victim of true active homosexuals.

Therein lies the great danger of those addicted to the clothing of the opposite sex. Certainly this does not occur to all; but any who happen to read the history briefly sketched, would do well to heed this warning.

Malay Transvestites

One hears much of sexual deviation in this country, but very little about it among the Asians. This is largely because it is permitted there, though forbidden by us. When one sails around the Malay Archipelago, many houses of ill-repute may be found; in these establishments, a number of Malay transvestites will be seen living together. At night, these men roam in groups together, particularly around midnight, some, it is true, for purposes of solicitation; but most are there chiefly to meet and unburden themselves to fellow companions in sorrow.

The Malay transvestite at times runs wild or *amok*, as the Asians call

it, in a sort of delirium. He will tear or destroy everything in his path. But when the emotional storm subsides, its victim is usually very sorry for what has happened. He then has an urge to compensate for his wild fury by an extreme gentleness and tenderness. There is little doubt that some of these unfortunate youths are driven to prostitution as a means of eking out a slender existence.

Heterosexuality

I have before me a letter from an apparently cultured young man, who describes himself as being of athletic type, but with an acquired fondness for female apparel. The letter goes on to say that, about three years ago, he dressed as a woman at a Halloween party. "My outfit then consisted of fine silk underwear, high-heeled slippers, a fur coat, etc. It seemed a new feeling, and I liked it," he states. "Now I find myself admiring luxury in furs, silks, etc. Strange as it may seem, I also like my sister's makeup kit."

At present, this young fellow tells me, he has a wonderful "complexion set" which is carefully hidden away when not in use. As time goes on, he has noted a desire to appear in public garbed as a lady of elegance; but he realizes that, if found out, it will mean local disgrace. He now attends balls and parties dressed as above, with a friend whom he fully trusts, and who regards it all as a lark. Both the young man who writes me and his friend have girl sweethearts, and there is no suggestion of homosexuality.

Recently, my correspondent relates, he has tried to overcome this urge; but finds himself unable to resist it. In closing, he asks if the condition is harmful: "Should it be cured? Could a girl be taught to understand? Why can't we wear the clothes we wish to?"

In a group discussion of transvestites someone is sure to say, "Oh yes, they are all homosexuals." Very few persons know what a transvestite really is; and many transvestites (those who have the desire to wear apparel of the opposite sex) themselves do not know. To say that transvestites are homosexuals is far from the truth. Many famous female impersonators are transvestites. I am quite positive that very few of them are homosexuals. As a matter of fact, many whom I have met are happily married and have children.

It has been frequently stated by transvestites that they do not appear publicly in feminine attire, but while away their time at home reading a book or disporting themselves before a mirror. This may be true of some

transvestites, but by no means all. Not long ago, in a prominent cabaret, there was a ballet group, all of whom were transvestites. The make-ups were so realistic that only a very careful observer could detect the sex of the dancers. While there was really nothing wrong with this act, a complaint was filed by someone and the police ordered this part of the entertainment discontinued. The scandal sheets sensationally mentioned a "brazen display of homosexuality in public"; but the statement was in error. I know, however, that all the performers enjoyed themselves.

Sexual Conditioning

Sex is an extensive subject. Many changes in habit may be brought

Photos of male transvestites at the female impersonators' ball held annually in New York.

about by any divergence from the usual routine. There are certain parts of the human body which most persons think are not sexually sensitive. Yet, in these parts there are definite elements which lie dormant and only require slight stimulation to cause them to become very active sexually.

The transvestite often remains a transvestite all his life; a "cure" is difficult. "Curing" him sometimes only makes his life miserable. Long experience with transvestites convinces me that it is best that they enjoy themselves at home, never making any attempts to masquerade as the opposite sex in public. Why do I say this? Because their chief danger lies in seduction. When this happens, certain latent sexual centers are then brought into prominence and slight gratification is experienced. Then,

having a desire to repeat the performance, he may become homosexual. As a rule, I have found the transvestite to be a very good citizen and a patron of the arts and the drama—a highly cultured person in every way. This is, of course, quite natural.

I am also fully convinced, after hearing the histories of many transvestites, that there would be fewer if their mothers did not insist on bringing them up as girls. All boys should have an early hair-cut and wear real masculine attire as soon as possible. It is most unfortunate but only too true that when some mother desires a girl and a boy arrives, the mother is strongly inclined to keep the child feminine as long as possible. Such a son must pay a price for this caprice of his mother.

Among some of the transvestites there is not only desire to wear certain feminine garments, but an actual craving to act feminine in as many ways as possible. This urge is always more pronounced when they think the disguise is complete. Herein lies the danger, and actual sexual affairs may occur. It is true, as I have said, that transvestites are not homosexuals, but it is also possible that *there may be a latent or unconscious homosexual tendency lying dormant in the transvestite.* This so-called dormant element often requires only one experience to activate it.

Case History

B. F. is 52 years of age. In his occupation as an interior decorator, he has acquired considerable fame. This man's father was a rather inconsiderate individual who delighted in ridiculing what he called his son's feminine traits, referring to him as a "sissy." His mother was 100% feminine. She enjoyed nice clothes with all the feminine accessories.

Mrs. F., after seven years of marriage, had become disgusted with her husband and anything suggesting the male. She had always longed for a child—not a boy, but a *girl.* Not until seven years after her marriage did she become a mother—of a son. According to her own statements, she only tolerated her husband because he might give her a child. Yes, she was sure the birth of her child would fill a big void in her life, for it was really the only thing she lived for. Mrs. F., when she found herself pregnant, had hoped that the child would be a girl so that she could shower her love upon it. When the happy day came around, the fond mother was a bit disappointed when informed her baby was a boy. However, she was strongly attached to the little one. The child, treated as a girl from the very beginning, was clothed in the daintiest apparel *always.*

Now, the things we are taught in the cradle are never forgotten. Note

the word never! This is one of the reasons why courses in marriage and parenthood are so necessary—that is, if we would have normal children. It is also a strong point in favor of the co-educational system in our schools.

This unfortunate victim of a bad parental situation received most of his early education at home, as the doting mother could not bear to think of his being out of her sight. He does not know the exact age when masculine clothes were provided for him or at just what age his golden locks were cut away. From this story we gather that boyhood was denied him until he was about twelve years of age. At that time, or even before, B. F. believes there was some suggestion of a sexual urge, and a tendency to self-gratification appeared. This youth was kept out of school practically until puberty and that was the first time he really became acquainted with boys. One does not need a medical education to see what a fixation had been brought about by his misguided mother.

On entering school, B. F. was soon dubbed a sissy by his schoolmates. He developed into quite a fighter through being compelled to defend himself from insults and assaults. Some associates even attempted sexual relations with him, but they were quickly beaten off. Despite this show of manly powers, the young man always found it necessary to have with him at least one article of feminine attire. In those days, boys all wore long stockings and, as no one could tell the difference, this act was easily accomplished. He tells that when feminine stockings could not be used, a handkerchief of his mother's was always available. His mother still liked to have him make use of these bits of dainty feminine apparel.

B. F. was a good student and upon graduating from grade school was praised by all his teachers. It soon became apparent that the young man had an artistic temperament; within a year he was employed as head of the fashion department of a high-class shop featuring women's clothing. None of the female employees were as expert as he in designing and draping. At this time there became readily available to him all the things that are dear to the fair sex, and he availed himself of this opportunity to wear as many of them as possible.

At about eighteen years of age he became interested in the dramatic arts and soon was acclaimed as an excellent female impersonator. His mother was well aware of her son's activities and, as she had separated from her husband, encouraged her son. In fact, mother would have him make up at home, go to the theatre in a taxi and then return home, all the

while garbed for his female rôle. Was there an incestuous attachment? This could not be determined.

B. F. states that at about nineteen years of age he began having relations with the opposite sex. These intimacies were highly satisfactory to both. During such affairs he would often wear many articles of feminine attire which always seemed to make a very strong appeal to his associates. Most of the young women were convinced that he was a lover in a class all by himself.

He liked to travel, always taking with him feminine garments which he wore when alone. Mr. F. insists that in all his previous life he never had the slightest homosexual thought. Now remember: he is 52 years old and certainly one would think any latent elements would have come into action before this time.

His misfortune finally caught up with him in a seashore resort. There, while wearing an evening gown, a room door which he had forgotten to lock was suddenly opened and a waiter came in. The servant quickly left; but soon afterwards B. F. received a proposal which he naturally spurned. Then suddenly one night, while out walking, he was kidnapped and taken to a lonely section out of the town. There he was pounced upon by six burly men who fought over the prize, insisting he was a homosexual.

Rather brutally treated and left unconscious, he was found by a policeman to whom he complained; but the officer told him he had gotten just what he deserved.

I saw Mr. B. F. not long after the above-mentioned assault and there was no doubt he had been badly injured. He feels that something new has been awakened within him, and though he insists that the homosexual urge comes but seldom, it does appear from time to time. However, practically all of his friends are women and he seems to understand them.

The greatest menace to the transvestite is the homosexual, even though the transvestite may himself have no such tendencies. This comes about through the fact that the transvestite is, as a rule, a lonely person. He longs for someone with whom to share his secret. I receive many letters from transvestites, asking if it is not possible to arrange a meeting with a similar individual. This only too often leads to difficulties.

The troubles of the male transvestite are not only with his own sex, as the following will reveal. Mr. A. B. says: "Recently I was introduced to a woman who in some way had heard of my habit; and she asked me to go home with her. She was a large masculine type of woman and I was

attracted to her. She had a domineering way that I could not resist, and so I accepted her invitation. She was very sweet and nice to me on the outside, but on arriving home she changed markedly. She told me to put all my clothes in a certain room and make myself comfortable in her negligée. A few moments later I discovered that all my clothes had disappeared. When I protested, the woman said, 'You just go to the police and see what will happen.' Well, then we had a few drinks together and I must have fallen asleep. When I awakened, it was to find myself bound hand and foot, my hostess standing over me fully attired in male costume. 'My dear,' she said, 'I have longed to see one such as you for a long time.' "

Mr. B. now was fully awake and soon his real troubles began. The woman told him she was first going to give him a good spanking with her hairbrush. This she did most successfully. All this time Mr. B. was doing his best to get away, but could not do so. Seeing this, his torturer smiled and said, "Now you will be my slave and I the master. Now you are going to get the licking of your life; but that will make you come back to me." Two stout whips were then brought out. Seeing them, Mr. B. begged that they not be used above the waist. To this the woman agreed; but made up for it below that level, only stopping when completely exhausted. The false friend also told her victim that his suffering had brought to her unusual sexual gratification.

The average person seems to think that the homosexual is ever on the watch for those whom he might seduce. The real homosexuals, on the other hand, insist that they are always well able to recognize their own, and have no use for amateurs. Nevertheless, there is hardly a transvestite whom I have known who has not been approached by other men, all hoping that they will succeed in an attempt at seduction.

Sexologists are often asked if women ever become attached to a male transvestite. My answer to this is that most heterosexual women regard these men as repulsive. On the other hand, some so-called lesbian women are exceedingly fond of them, particularly when the transvestite is willing to obey all their demands in the sexual relationships.

Undoubtedly the transvestite gets satisfaction out of associations with his own kind. In fact, I know of a club whose members were all transvestites and where no other "deviations" were permitted.

In a society which only too often regards mere mention of sex as something loathsome, but which does not always practice what it preaches, the transvestite must beware. Society tends to reject them.

III

Changing Sexual Characteristics

by David H. Keller, M.D.

MANY transvestites have written to me. A man in New York thinks that he is changing into a woman, fears he is going insane, stays in his home secluded from the world, dresses in feminine clothing and is cared for by a loving and sympathetic wife. A man in Iowa leads the life of a woman on an isolated farm, thinks that he is turning into a woman, notices feminine changes in his body, desires to become a mother and nurse a child.

A man from the South writes asking if it is possible by plastic surgery to have all his male organs removed and female organs substituted. A man in Washington works as a man in the daytime, and after office hours wears feminine costume and cooks, sews and decorates his lonely home. A man in New England bosses forty men on a railroad track in the daytime, and at night dresses like a woman, sweeps the house, washes dishes and scrubs the floor. He thinks that he is more of a woman than a man. A man in West Virginia writes concerning the amputation of his male organ.

Twenty-five years ago all these men would have been considered insane and would have been sent to state hospitals. We take a more understanding view of their problems today.

An Unusual Case History

The patient described below gives a detailed history of himself. While his history corresponds in many ways to the usual one of sex change due to *endocrine* (internal gland) disturbance, it raises many interesting problems.

Early training. The boy was treated, trained and dressed as a girl until

he arrived at school age. After that he wore girl's dresses as often as possible and was encouraged in this by his mother.

The influence of this early treatment by a foolish mother is unquestionable. In many of these cases there is a history of early feminine training of a male child. Wise parents will raise a child from infancy in habits and clothing closely corresponding to its sex.

Adolescence. Encouraged by the mother, the boy continued to wear women's clothing whenever possible. The first sex relations were with a woman who took the mother's place and helped the boy to gratify his desires for dressing in feminine style. It can be noted that at eighteen, the patient was leading a *heterosexual* life, but at the same time was dressing in feminine style when it was possible to do so.

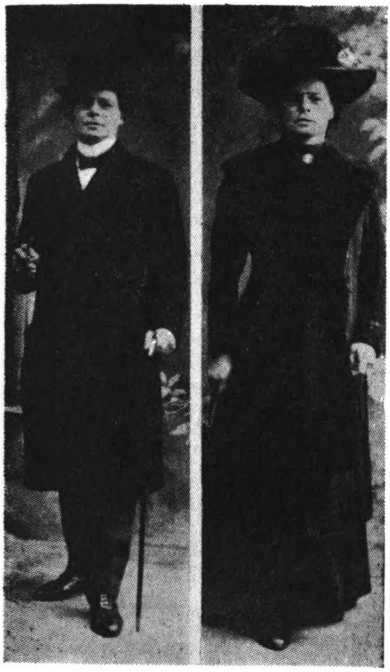
First marriage. The first marriage was to a woman who was selected for no other reason than the fact that she was of the same size and might thus afford him a chance to wear her clothing. This marriage ended in divorce in ten months. The wife evidently realized that her husband was aberrant and did not wish to continue living with him.

Second marriage. The second wife was selected also because of size. This woman seemed willing to humor her husband's desires, against the protests of her family. She helped her husband dress and encouraged him to do feminine housework. The relations otherwise were heterosexual; at least, a child was born. When this child became old enough to notice the difference between her father's conduct and that of other men, and to comment on it, the reaction of the wife changed to coldness and finally to hatred of the husband. However, they lived together for nearly twenty-five years, the marriage finally being ended by the death of the wife. During this time the man was aggressive sexually with other women, but says that he was always hunting for a woman who would be willing to live with him if he dressed as a woman.

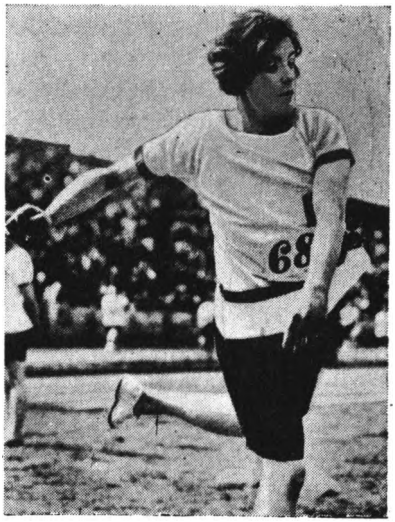
Deepening of conflict. He now started to let his hair grow long, first in a boyish bob, later with a permanent, and finally as long as it would grow. He wore corsets fitted and made to order. He took a course in dressmaking and began to design and make his own dresses. He moved to an isolated farm. His hair grew to his waist; he wore women's clothes all the time in spite of the gossip. He says that this was the happiest time of his life. Then the depression forced him to sell the farm and start working as a man.

Present mental attitude. He says that he has a loving disposition and would like to marry a woman provided he could live and dress as a female

while with her. He wants to be a woman in every way except in marital relations. But he says that when he is away from women, he has no male desires, but rather feels the need for a man to stay with him. He wants a baby, wants to nurse a child, but is unable to satisfy these longings because of his masculine body. He describes one period of *amnesia* (loss of memory) in which he went from Missouri to Chicago, and bought a complete feminine outfit. He finally oriented himself, with no memory of his conduct during the period of amnesia.



A male transvestite of the 1890's in Europe. This feminine attire was the height of fashion at that time.



Mary Weston, champion English woman athlete, retired from athletics to become Mr. Mark Weston.

Physical changes. Three years ago he started to have persistent headaches, followed by a rectal hemorrhage for a three-day interval. These headaches and hemorrhages occurred every month. There was a period of some months when he was without the headaches and discharge. During this time he noticed that the desire to dress and live as a woman was not so acute.

In some of the cases we have studied, these headaches were associated with a bloody *urethral* (from the urinary canal) discharge In this case

the *vicarious menstruation* takes place through the rectal mucous membrane. It has been felt that the change in conduct is caused by some change in the pituitary gland. In all the cases noted there was this persistent headache, followed and relieved by a monthly discharge simulating menstruation in character and time. There is every reason to believe that there is a disease or tumor of the pituitary which changes the normal male sex hormone secretion into a female sex hormone.

Actual homosexual conduct. There was a period prior to the first marriage when there were relations with a male friend. The patient does not state whether he assumed the passive or active rôle. Since then he has refrained from homosexual activity on account of fear of disgrace. But at the same time he thinks that if he could find a satisfactory male friend who would understand him, it would help his mental conflict. He even asks us for help in locating such a man. No doubt if he found a partner, he would be perfectly willing to live in every way with him, and be the "woman" in the relationship. He realizes that he cannot give birth to a child, but feels that if he is given sufficient female sex hormones it would result in an enlargement of his breasts and thus make it possible for him to nurse a child.

Diagnosis. We believe that this man is sick, but we cannot consider that he is insane. Something has gone wrong with his pituitary gland, and it is secreting female sex hormones in a male body. An X-ray study and surgery of the gland might locate the disease or tumor formation. He reacts violently to the suggestion that he might become more masculine if he took male sex hormones to swing the sex balance definitely to the masculine side. *He does not want to become more of a man but rather more of a woman.* He feels that this is what he needs to secure mental ease and complete happiness.

It is difficult to state just what the duty of the medical profession is in such a case. Should he be aided in his ambition to become feminine? Should surgery or endocrine treatment be forced to make him more masculine against his desire? Has he a right to live his life according to the demands of his feminine sex hormones? These are all new problems for physicians to face. But one thing is sure. He is a sick man just as a case of *Addison's Disease* (a gland disease) or disorder of the thyroid or pancreatic glands is a sick man. He should be treated kindly and sympathetically, and should not be made in any way to feel that he is a social outcast, a criminal or a case of insanity.

A Bisexual Transvestite

A young man, who later became a patient of mine, sent me the following interesting letter about his case:

"I have wanted to write to you regarding my condition but it sounds so very foolish that I hesitated for a long time. I am 38 years old and, as far back as I can remember, I have had the desire to wear girl's clothing.

This male transvestite wore dresses until he was 8 years old. He is married.

Mary Anne Talbot, a female transvestite of the early 19th Century. She pretended to be a man and served several years in the British Navy using the name John Taylor.

I had four sisters; so it was easy for me to obtain their clothes. Sometimes I would get them to dress me up and let me play with them. They thought it was fun, and would prettify me and call me girlish names. Even my mother would assist in this.

"When I became mature, I was more shy about this; but I still had the same desires, and would put on feminine garb only when I knew no

one was around. I do not think my sisters suspect that I have retained this strange fancy to this day.

"You may have jumped to the conclusion already that I am a homosexual—attracted to my own sex. I am not. It is disgusting to me to see and hear those of this type; just as it is revolting to see men who can think of nothing else but sex activity with women. I was, at one time, attracted normally to the opposite sex; I married, and had children. My wife, from whom I have been separated for some years, never knew of my curious tastes in dress.

"I suffer from bad headaches, which specialists have failed to cure. But, when I consulted one, an odd thing happened; he administered an enema, and told me I had a double rectum! I was troubled in my thoughts, and did not go back. It occurred to me that the second opening might be vaginal—in other words, I might be double-sexed.

"I do not look feminine, nor act effeminately; though if you could visit my apartment, you might think a woman lived there. I can sew as well as any woman, and make most of my dresses and lingerie. I want only the finest of the latter. I come home when my work is done; slip into my female clothes and spend the evening as a woman. I even sleep as one—I have beautiful nightdresses. But, no matter how I make up, one can see the masculinity of my features—the beard is unmistakable. Therefore I do not leave the apartment in this garb, much as I would like to do so. I get very lonesome and despondent.

"There is one thing I would like to do—develop a feminine bust; but in this I have failed. I am small; during my war service, my commanding officer said I was too small to carry a rifle, but a good man for my size (so an automatic was issued to me). I am, you see, as good a man as I am a woman. I do not have a strong craving for sex; but at times, I indulge, principally to satisfy myself that I am still virile. I dislike liquor and beer, but I smoke excessively.

Discussion of Case

Much has been said about *conditioning*—a term wider than education, and applying to all the associations and conditions of an individual's life and their effects upon physical and mental development.

In a married woman, frigidity may be due to her conditioning in infancy and adolescence by a frigid mother. Or a woman may become a menstrual invalid, and feel severe sickness every month, as a result of conditioning by female relatives who were neurotic.

In this case history a boy grew up in a feminine family (he has not a word to say about his father); the boy lived with women, played with them, was educated by them, and was completely dominated by them. His mother, evidently, was sorry that he was a boy, and would have been better pleased if he had been a girl; so she and his sisters pretended that he was a female. They dressed him in girl's clothing, used feminine cosmetics on him, and called him by feminine names.

This conditioning started early in the boy's life, so that, long before puberty, he was psychologically feminized. These women did not realize the harm that they were doing. As a result the man's adult life has been a maze of contradictions.

Apparently, there was a time when the suppressed masculine urge reasserted itself; he married and became a father. He has been a soldier, and ready to fight and kill; he has a beard. This whole period showed masculine dominance in his personality; and there is no doubt that the male sex *hormones* were functioning at that period.

But, at the age of thirty or so, there was a divorce; it was a relief, because the man had lost his brief masculine aggressiveness. It gave him an opportunity to lead the life he had always fundamentally desired, but could not indulge in as a married man. He yielded to urges which are certainly not masculine—for pretty clothing and a dainty apartment. He was annoyed by his masculine face, which could not be disguised, and by his masculine breasts, which did not appear like a woman's.

Perhaps his glands were beginning to secrete *feminine* instead of masculine gland substances; or, perhaps, inside his body there were female glands—ovaries—which were beginning to function, counteracting the influence of the male glands.

He had severe headaches. In cases of dual sexuality, there are often headaches monthly—corresponding to a woman's menstrual troubles—and, in some instances, a bloody discharge as from the uterus. Here is a problem which requires a study of the sex glands, including the pituitary. A physician has said that he has a "double" rectum. In many cases, a vagina opens into the rectum as a congenital malformation.

It is possible that there is, internally, a double-sex or *hermaphrodite* formation; but the gland question is all-important in determining the true sex nature. To be absolutely certain, the *gonads* (sex glands) should be cut into, and parts examined with a microscope; but this is a sacrifice that the subject is not likely to make in the interests of science.

IV

De Choisy . . . Prince of Transvestites

by Prof. Héctor Uribe Troncoso

IT was the year 1648 in Paris. Anne of Austria, Queen of France, had been officially appointed Regent upon the death of Louis XIII in 1643; but it was really Cardinal Mazarin who ruled France as Prime Minister. The future King, Louis XIV, was then only ten years old and his brother Philippe was eight. At that time, Philippe was known as Duke of Anjou; but in 1660 he was to become Philippe the First, Duke of Orleans, whose Chancellor would be a nobleman named De Choisy.

Yet it was really Madame De Choisy, his wife, who was most influential in securing royal appointments. She was now sitting at her dressing table performing her morning toilette. As she looked into her mirror she beheld a lady of singular attractiveness, not of great beauty, but possessed of the vivaciousness and charm which always gained the friendship of the Royal Family. Her dark mischievous eyes, her "conquerors" — as she called them — and her ingratiating smile seldom failed to be persuasive. She knew of everyone's doings at Court, and was a brilliant conversationalist. King Louis XIV, the Sun King, later granted her two audiences weekly just in order to converse with her, and gave her a pension in recognition of her services.

As her gaze fell on two letters upon her table, one from Queen Christian of Sweden and the other from the Queen of Poland, Maria de Gonzaga, the door of her boudoir opened softly, and a smiling child came in. At sight of him, a fond smile illumined her features. And turning from her dressing table, she opened wide her arms to embrace the child, who then ran straight to his mother.

François Timoléon De Choisy at four years of age was an attractive child. To see him was to love him.

"How nice we look this morning!" she exclaimed musically in wide-eyed admiration while smoothing the flowered satin folds of the little one's long skirt. Then she brought her creamy, aristocratic hands to the closely fitted waist. Small boys and girls of that time were dressed alike, until about six years of age, when the boys then changed to knee-breeches. And little François was in style, such as prevailed all over Europe. "Just as elegant as the grownups," his mother would say.

"The seamstress did a nice job of fitting your dress, my pet. Aren't you glad you have another new dress?"

"Oui, Maman," François smiled up at her while lifting a trifle the short train of his skirt with one hand. His long, wavy hair, dark like his mother's, fell gracefully past his shoulders and was caught at the sides with little red flowers. He wore ruby pendants on his small ears, and an ornate necklace to match. Madame took several bracelets and rings from her jewel box and put them on François, who admired them with childish interest. Then she took fragrant perfume from her own prized reserves and put it on his hair and his dress.

Madame De Choisy adored her son who had been born while she was forty. She could not help treating him as if he were a doll, or a plaything. However, it is well to remember it was the prevailing custom of the time to dress little boys like their sisters and nobody saw anything extraordinary in this practice. There was time enough later, when they became six or seven years old, to change to different garb. It made the parents of that day bestow greater love and tenderness on their little ones. Today, of course, most people deem it inadvisable.

Princes Set the Fashion

The Royal Palace was all aglow with myriad candles on the Venetian chandeliers one evening two years later. It was the tenth birthday of Prince Philippe, Duke of Anjou, younger brother of the boy king, Louis XIV. Although the sun was just setting behind the well-trimmed hedges of the formal gardens, all the candles had been lighted and preparations completed for the children's party in the early evening.

Upstairs in the Queen Mother's apartment, servants came and went. Anne of Austria, the Queen, was very fond of her younger son Philippe, and now she was dressing him for his party. He stood before her kneeling figure in his little white bloomers edged with flounced lace at the knees, white silk stockings and high-heeled slippers. Over this was slipped a beautiful golden brocade gown. His long, black hair fell in ring curls all

around his shoulders. He had such a beautiful face *that she liked to imagine he was a little girl.* Big, black eyes shaded with naturally long lashes now looked lovingly at her, while he smiled demurely.

The Queen loved Philippe more than she did Louis his brother. Some people said it was at the instigation of Cardinal Mazarin that she had kept Philippe in dresses so that he would not *compete* with his brother who was destined to ascend the throne. Philippe, at that age, was sweet and gentle, while Louis was autocratic already, according to Mme. De Motteville's *Mémoires.*

Notwithstanding all this, Philippe was to show great courage and military skill as a strategist when, in 1677, as Duke of Orleans and General-in-Chief of one of the French Armies, he defeated William of Orange at the head of a large Dutch Army at Cassel. He was to be known as "Monsieur," and history records that he had six children and was twice married. A general in lady's garb, yet he won the battle!

Some facts of history are often deliberately hushed up.

"Is François de Choisy coming to my party?" asked Philippe expectantly, for the boys were friends.

"Yes, dear," replied the Queen. "He has been invited, and I'm sure his mother will bring him." (Madame De Choisy, like all courtiers, was strongly influenced by the Royal Family. She was bringing up her son in imitation of Philippe. François, *at six years of age, had not yet been dressed as a boy, but still wore his baby dresses!* Thus it was that Philippe. the future Duke of Orleans, exerted a profound influence upon the life of François De Choisy.)

Now the strains of orchestral music floated up from the great ballroom and the Queen said: "Come, *mon petit,* your guests are here, and many more will arrive soon." She took his hand: "Pick up the train of your dress. We are going downstairs."

The ornate ballroom was alive with colorfully dressed small children, their mothers and nursemaids. There were a few gentlemen also, who had come bringing their children. All the boys under five or six years of age were dressed like their sisters. Of course, most boys over this age wore the satin knee breeches, long coats and flowered waistcoats then in vogue. The curious thing was that the children's costumes were exact copies of those of their elders; even to the smallest details. The men wore lace at throat and wrists. Chirping voices and the merry laughter of children rose above the music of a large orchestra at one end of the gayly lighted room.

Several little girls were showing much more friendliness to the small boys dressed like them, than to the bigger boys in knee breeches. The little ones went off happily, hand in hand, to see the marionette show at one side of the ball room. The party was greatly enjoyed.

A Young Lady of Fashion

The De Choisy household was happily, if not too efficiently, managed. Theirs was a fine old house with plenty of room in the better section of the Paris of 1650. Madame attended to her son's education, deportment and the proper language to use at Court.

Chevalier D'Eon, as a man and as the most famous female impersonator in history (right). This noble lord of France in the 17th Century was encouraged by his mother and the King of France to dress as a woman for most of his life.

As time went by, François grew out of his baby dress and adopted boy's attire. But Philippe often came to visit, and on such days Madame De Choisy would say: "Philippe is coming to visit us today, my dear. You must wear your prettiest dress to please him and his friends."

So each time the Duke Philippe came to visit, either with his mother or some friends or relatives, François wore his most elegant feminine garb. Then, gradually, he wore dresses all the time! He was light-hearted and gay, and loved the feel of brocades, satins, and laces. Perfumes and jewelry sent a thrill of pleasure through the feminine part of his nature.

Madame loved to attend to every detail of her son's toilette as he grew older. She would come into his boudoir as he was dressing: "Let mother tighten your corset, dear." And François would answer: "Yes, mother dear, I want to have a shapely figure." (According to his *Mémoires,* he in time developed a sort of feminine bust through the use of corsets from his sixth year on.) His mother put bustles on him.

"Here is a special salve which you will please apply to your chin, arms and legs," said she. "It will prevent unsightly hair from growing." Madame gradually suppressed her son's masculine traits as much as possible and brought out a tender and sweet disposition. They loved each other dearly, and the boy was happier when treated like a girl, which is not to be wondered at, in view of his previous upbringing. She fixed a young lady's boudoir for his use. The servants all loved François, and the family seamstress would go out of her way to make him look attractive in feminine garb.

His mother wished to keep him happy but submissive.

He Tries Masculine Garb

The *Mémoires* of François Timoléon De Choisy have been reprinted several times. Other *Mémoires* reveal additional information: those of Sourches, of Montpensier, of La Fayette, of Madame de Motteville, and the *Lettres* of Madame de Sevigné.

They tell us that Madame De Choisy liked to visit frequently, and attend the theater, receptions and dances at Court. She generally was accompanied by her son and one or more of her numerous friends.

At 15 years of age, François in public appeared to be an *attractive young lady* who dressed with good taste and in the height of fashion.

In the presence of strangers, Madame would refer to him as "Mademoiselle" or "my daughter," presumably to save herself and François embarrassment or lengthy explanation.

François lived very happily from his fifteenth to his eighteenth birthday. He became a bit of a coquette, and basked in his mother's affection and approval. "We have a box at the theater tonight," she would say. "You'll enjoy it."

François liked, most of all, artistic jewels. "For your birthday," his mother would announce, "I am giving you this magnificent set of pendants, necklace and brooch." Whereupon he would delightedly try them on, and then kiss her tenderly.

When François was eighteen, his mother died (in 1662). After the

deep grief and despondency which he naturally felt, he made a brave resolution: he would now adopt *masculine* attire.

He carried out his resolve and went forth garbed as a young man. He did not have to cut his long hair because men wore their hair down past their shoulders at that time.

Chevalier D'Eon, famous French 17th Century transvestite, dressed as a stylish young woman, leaves the theater with a nobleman.—*After an engraving by the French artist Thoma.*

M. de La Fayette was a good friend of the De Choisy family. When he saw François dressed as a young gentleman, he at once perceived that man's attire did not suit François at all. He was too girlish and feminine, as was to be expected after living eighteen years as a girl—and a pretty

one, at that. Therefore, M. de La Fayette tactfully advised François to dress once more as a young lady.

Upon returning home, François called his maid and said: "I have tried to adopt men's garb, but people say it doesn't suit me; so I will continue to dress as a lady."

"It's really the best thing to do," said she. "If I may say so, Mademoiselle—I mean Monsieur—dresses go much better with your sweet face and dainty figure."

"I suppose you're right," sighed François. Then he added: "You may bring me my peach brocade dress, and continue to address me as Mademoiselle, as usual."

After a time, "Mademoiselle" became "Madame" — the title he preferred. One day, at the theater, he was paying his respects to the little Dauphin, when an over-righteous soured old man took it upon himself to reprimand François for living as a lady when in reality he was a man.

"I like Madame de Choisy," said the boy who was to be King. "I don't see why old Montausier had to scold her so severely; she looks so beautiful, and has always spoken very kindly to me. Why, she came up to my box just to greet me; she has never harmed anyone." And he would have nothing further to do with Montausier, who resigned from his post as tutor to the Dauphin.

For four or five years after his mother's death in 1662, François continued to live in the same house. He often invited his neighbors—both ladies and gentlemen—to dinner, among them the parish priest from the nearby church. He was a pleasant, older man who had known François and his mother for many years, so that he knew the circumstances of the youth's development. "How beautiful you look," he would compliment François, and like everyone else, called him "Madame." The *Mémoires* describe the friendships and flirtations of François with various young ladies. They were disarmed by his charm, although they knew he was a man. One of the older ladies brought her young niece to dinner and introduced her to François. They liked each other at once.

On her subsequent visit François said to her: "I left a small box wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon in a drawer. It's for you." All the ladies knew that François gave splendid presents. "Where? where?" they all chirped at once.

"I believe it's in there," he said tantalizingly pointing to a drawer. They all pulled it open and took the present. It was a magnificent necklace of valuable emeralds.

"Look at this gorgeous boy's outfit," said one, pointing to the inside of the opened drawer. They soon were admiring the material. Then they held the coat up against the young niece's shoulders. "Why, it would fit her perfectly!" And they proceeded to divest her of all her clothes to try the complete boy's outfit on her. She looked handsome, although a trifle plump, naturally.

François was delighted. It is said that he carried on an affair with her and later married her, she in masculine and he in feminine garb. His *Mémoires* say that when she became pregnant, he requested her to resume a lady's attire for esthetic reasons. Later, when they separated, he settled a pension on her.

He Becomes a Countess

The reprimand he had received while in the theater box of the Dauphin rankled within François, and he decided to leave Paris and reside in the provinces. He sold his house, dismissed his servants, and hired a new lady's maid and a coachman. Other servants he would hire later, elsewhere.

"I will keep my real sex a secret," he said to himself, "since embittered people take a sadistic pleasure in scolding."

Not even his personal maid should discover his real sex. And so François became *Madame la Comtesse de Barres*. He had recently purchased the Castle of Crépon near Bourges. He sent his furniture, works of arts, etc., ahead of him to be received and arranged by other servants who awaited their new "mistress" at the Chateau.

A large enclosed black travelling coach, with the escutcheon of the Countess on its doors, waited in front of the de Choisy residence, Six fine horses impatiently pawed the ground as an elegant lady in a large plumed hat and travelling cloak entered the coach followed by her pretty young maid carrying several hat-boxes.

After an uneventful journey, "Madame la Comtesse" arrived at her Chateau and was soon installed in her new residence with the opulence and good taste to which she was accustomed. It wasn't long before the "Countess" became an outstanding hostess in that part of the country. The food she served was exquisite, and her elegance impressive. Her dinner invitations were much sought after, especially by gentlemen who enjoyed luxurious food.

"I wish my daughter could meet you, Madame la Comtesse," said one of her new neighbors—a lady well regarded in the community. "She

The French Ambassador presents his credentials to the King of Siam. De Choisy (indicated by star) was a member of the Ambassador's retinue.

is a teen-age girl and needs to learn deportment, how to dress well, etc."

"You may bring her to me," replied the "Countess," "but if she really wants to learn, she must remain with me for a few days at the Chateau."

The lady raised polite objections at first, but later, the girl was left in charge of the "Countess." "She had a lovely bust," wrote de Choisy in

his *Mémoires,* "but she needed clothes that would emphasize her good points." So "Madame" herself experimented with draped effects, and gave instructions to an expert dressmaker (with tongue in cheek, we suspect). The young lady was also duly instructed in arranging flowers in vases, dinner table arrangements, curtsying, etc. She grew quite fond of "Madame la Comtesse" and returned to her mother rather sorry to end her pleasant visit.

The next to occupy a place in "Madame's" affections was an ex-actress who was not quite so young, nor so innocent, as her predecessor. She involved the pseudo-Countess in difficulties. After some time "Madame" thought it best to return to Paris.

(Using the manuscripts left by de Choisy, there was published anonymously in 1735, eleven years after his death, an *Histoire de Madame la Comtesse de Barres.*)

Once more in Paris, François cast off his rôle of "Madame la Comtesse de Barres" and resumed living as "Madame de Choisy."

He now remembered he had inherited the title—and the income that went with it—of Abbé of Saint Seine in Burgundy. (Before the French Revolution, abbés—meaning abbots—were often merely holders of benefices, receiving a portion of the revenues of the monasteries, although they were only in minor orders, or were even laymen. An abbot wore a violet-colored robe.)

So François left Paris and went to Saint Seine to claim his title and his benefice.

To Rome with Cardinal Bouillon

About this time (1676), Cardinal Bouillon was preparing to leave for Rome to attend the Conclave which would elect a Pope to succeed Clement X. As was customary, he would take several secretaries and attendants in his entourage.

"I would like to accompany the Cardinal to Rome," François told some of his influential friends. After some "string pulling," he was appointed one of the secretaries to Cardinal Bouillon.

"The Abbé de Choisy," commented the Cardinal, "is a cultured person, knows some Latin and is well acquainted with the aristocracy. He will be useful to us." So the Abbé would go as a Conclavist.

The celebrated Cardinal De Retz, then residing in Rome, who was known for his lavish entertaining, received de Choisy with open arms. After the Conclave and the election of the new Pope, one of numerous

feasts and banquets of celebration was held at the luxurious palace of De Retz. It was a fancy dress ball, and the Abbé, among others, attended in lady's costume. Not long afterwards, de Choisy returned to Paris.

About this time Louis XIV had been advised that the King of Siam desired to become Catholic. It was suggested to him that a Special Embassy be sent to Siam. De Choisy asked the King to be given the honor of being a French envoy.

He soon was given the position of Special Envoy Coadjutor and accompanied the Ambassador as second in command. On March 3, 1685, the Embassy sailed from Brest.

To a feast in honor of the French visitors, de Choisy went gorgeously arrayed in feminine evening gown, make-up and jewelry. The Siamese thought it was a European custom of some sort.

Louis le Grand (King Louis XIV) received de Choisy well, on his return from Siam. But now Cardinal Bouillon was no longer at Court. "Since my friend and patron," thought de Choisy, "is no longer at Court, I will devote my time to writing my *Mémoires*." But first he wrote a panegyric in praise of Louis XIV. (*Vie de Salomon,* 1687). In spite of his mediocre writing, he was made a *Member of the French Academy.*

But it is for his *Mémoires* that he is mostly remembered, for in these he describes in detail the customs of his time.

"I have experienced," he writes, "the greatest joys that a human being can have on this earth." And he lived to be eighty.

His relations with men, when he lived as a *lady,* were only frivolous or flirty and never went further.

"I have no enemies, to my knowledge," he wrote, "but if I should learn that anyone has become an enemy, I should at once offer to make peace."

The Abbé de Choisy had so many different facets to his personality that it was remarkable they could all belong to one and the same person. His life was truly fantastic.

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V

The Nature of Eonism

by Lorenzo J. Chieco

A COMMON but erroneous belief is that *eonism* or *transvestism* is linked with homosexuality. Stekel, Tridon, and other psychoanalysts state that those eonists who are not conscious homosexuals are "unconscious" homosexuals.

We must remember that psychoanalysis, Freudian or otherwise, is still theory. The contributions of psychoanalysis to psychiatry cannot be denied; but this philosophy has not been accepted by all, nor by the majority of psychiatrists and psychologists.

A theory is an explanation for something. If the theory is tested and found to be true for the situation, it ceases to be theory and becomes a fact, law, or principle. Some of the beliefs concerning psychoanalysis are true and some are not. The evidence for the existence of the "unconscious" is weak. Jastrow, in his book, "Freud, His Dream and Sex Theories," says, "*. . . Dunlap considers that Freud's 'unconscious' has no scientific basis in fact, he rejects it as completely as he would the theologist's 'demon possession'.*" To say that one is an unconscious homosexual is the same as saying that one is an unconscious murderer or rapist.

The unconscious mind is supposed to obtain its knowledge by *intuition*. No one knows what intuition is. A reputable psychologist does not use the word in conversation. Some believe that it is similar to what is called *precognition, telepathy,* or *clairvoyance*. This is a concern of the parapsychologist, the scientist of psychic phenomena. It is a field that cannot help but become highly metaphysical.

The tendency to think that eonists are homosexual arises from the fact that they not only dress as women do, but they have the mental disposition of women. There are, however, some eonists who dress in female

attire, completely or partly, who do *not* have feminine mannerisms. The male invert is thought of as a person with a hip-swinging gait and a painted face. He is often thought of as wearing feminine dress or jewelry. Actually, only some of the inverts are like this. Many of them are very masculine in appearance and have no effeminate characteristics whatever. Many of those who have feminine gestures try to disguise or overcome them. And not all who are feminine or "passive" wear women's clothes.

The writer once had the opportunity to question a bisexual male who was predominantly homosexual. This individual was feminine in behavior. He used women's make-up, but did not dress in women's garments. He considered it "disgusting" to do so.

Speaking of homosexual males, Forel says that they regard sexual love for women *"as low and disgusting, at the most only good for the production of young inverts!"* As a rule, inverts have little interest in the opposite sex, and avoid their companionship. On the other hand, the eonist desires and likes women! His admiration of women is so great that he goes to the extreme by identifying himself with them. He is frequently happily married. The majority of eonists have no homosexual desires. In fact, they often express a repugnance for such relationships. Hirschfeld and Havelock Ellis found that homosexuality was no more present in eonists than elsewhere.

When we consider the mass of scientific evidence, we find that there are no real standards for what is "normal" human sexual behavior. We have no satisfactory definition of what is "masculine," "feminine," "manly," or "womanly." What was at one time considered masculine is now regarded as feminine. Some of the things which we consider manly in this country are considered womanly in other countries. For example, in Europe women do heavy work which we consider to be work for men. In Russia, the majority of the physicians, dentists, and physicists are women; here such persons are mostly men. Alexander Goldenweiser found that few occupations are universally accepted as exclusive for men or women. Among certain peoples hunting is done by women, while sewing, cooking, and housekeeping are men's occupations. The duties of women and men are often an outgrowth of age-old custom.

Similarly, there are no universal male and female psychological differences. Margaret Mead studied three Melanesian groups of people. In one group both the men and women were particularly aggressive. In another group she found that the woman was the dominating partner and the man was the more dependent partner. In the other group the men and

This young "lady" is really a Frenchman who has a wife and family. "Miki" is a reserve officer in the French Army. He satisfies his transvestite urge by wearing dainty feminine garments on many different occasions. — *Pix Photos.*

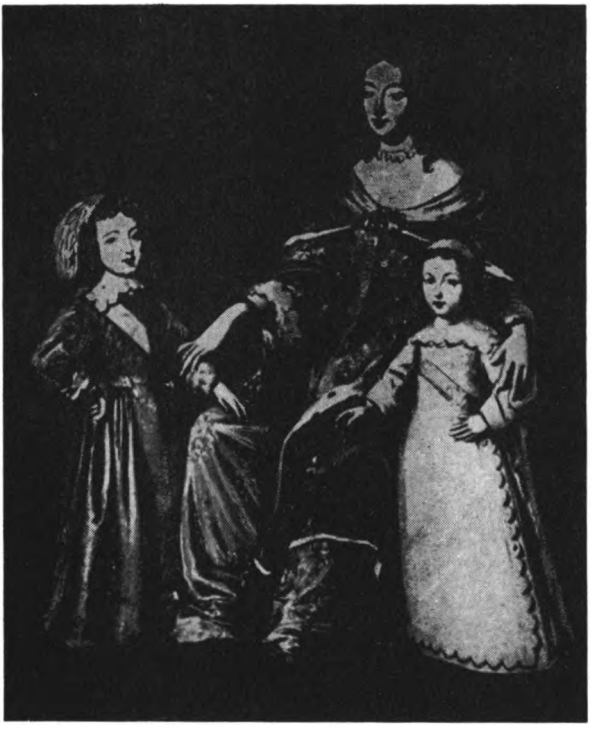
women both were comparatively submissive, passive and co-operative.

Here in America, psychologist Lewis Terman examined hundreds of persons. He found that the primary differences between men and women are in their interests. Men are especially interested in science, business, and physical activities. Women are more interested in humanitarian, domestic and esthetic activities. American men are more fearless and aggressive, and American women are more emotional and sympathetic. But these differences are *not* due to physiological differences, as Margaret Mead's

tests conclude. *The differences in interests are accounted for by the environments given to each sex in our system of society.*

In other words, the differences are a result of habit or training. In most cases, eonists can trace their desire to wear female clothing back to their early childhood, when they were wrongly (according to the prevailing social custom) trained to wear them by their parents or guardians.

An interesting discovery is that the greater number of eonists are artists or men of letters. Still further thought should show us that this



Anne of Austria, with her sons Louis XIV and Philippe Anjou. Young boys of this period wore long dresses up to the age of six. The royal children were close friends of the Chevalier D'Eon, from whose name is derived the term "eonism." —*After the painting attributed to Philip de Champaigne, in the Versailles Museum.*

is what we might expect. The male artist, since he is more emotional and aesthetically inclined than the average male, is more "feminine." His senses are oversensitive. He sees more if he is a painter and he hears more if he is a musician. We know that women have a greater sense of touch than men have. Their skin is more sensitive. They have more erogenous zones than men have.

The average male is contented with simple colors, simple clothing.

The female is always thinking of the harmony and style of her clothing. She is busy with choosing appropriate colors, laces, ruffles, etc., so that she will outdo her fellow-women in the matter of attire, or so that she may more readily attract a male. It should not be hard to understand why the male artist may be apt to wear, or desire to wear, feminine clothing, which is more colorful and aesthetically pleasing. The artist, being more impressionable and emotional, is more likely to retain the habit or desire of wearing the garments of the opposite sex, if he has so been trained in his childhood.

The artist is exceptional who does not think the female form the most beautiful thing in existence. The eonist has an exaggerated appreciation and sympathy for the female. Some of them wish they were women. Eonists are distinctly males, physically, but have a feminine psychic (mind) structure. They dress as females, wish they were physically women, and wish that they could have the experiences of women. Sometimes, in their phantasies as women, they reach the point where they wonder how it would be to be in the arms of a male (as a woman's experience), but when they do, they remember that they are actually males, and the idea becomes disgusting and repulsive to them. This is what occurs *unless they are homosexual!*

In extreme cases of eonism, where males have dressed as women in public and private, and have lived as completely as possible the life of a woman, they still have had sexual desires for women. They perform the masculine sexual role with a woman as successfully as the average male. Sometimes they are more successful, because they understand the feelings of women better. They certainly are *heterosexual* and *not homosexual!* If eonists were "unconscious" homosexuals, they would *not* be heterosexual, or they would have difficulty in being so. If they were homosexual, they would not desire the company of women as they do. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that some homosexuals are eonists, and that some eonists are homosexual. We all have some degree of the *opposite* sex in us. But because one may have many feminine traits, that does not imply that he is a homosexual.

A person who has no glandular or anatomical disturbance to cause a desire to wear feminine clothes, might have the urge as a result of trying to imitate the opposite sex. At one time or another, all of us imitate a person whom we greatly admire, either by dress or gesture. The eonist does so extremely! Havelock Ellis said that "imitation in dress *can be a modified form of the desire for sexual union.*"

VI

Effeminate Men

by C. P. Mason*

"AND they provoked Him to jealousy with their sins which they had committed, above all that their fathers had done . . . and there were also *ḳedeshim* in the land." (First Book of Kings, chapter 15, verses 22-24.)

The word *ḳedeshim* means, literally, "holy ones," but the translation in the English version is the reverse of complimentary. In the colloquial language of today, it would mean "pansies." This is, perhaps, the first allusion that has come down to us of an aberration which, thirty centuries ago, was also linked with the religious customs of Oriental people—the existence of men who behaved, by choice, like women.

Though this is the first mention of them in any literature which is familiar to us, it was told as an old story even then. In Western Asia, from wicked old Babylon to the Mediterranean, such peculiar individuals played an important part in the worship of various deities which were the symbols of sex activity. Women offered themselves to pilgrims as a religious act, that all might gain the favor of *Ishtar,* or *Ashtoreth,* the Asiatic Venus. So too, sometimes, did men. They dwelt, the Bible says, beside the Temple in Jerusalem, until, after two centuries, the reforming zeal of King Josiah destroyed these abodes of immorality and, even worse, heresy. (Second Kings, 23:7)

The same effeminate "intermediate" type has a recognized social standing among many peoples—such as the American Indians, the Eskimos and the ancient Scythians. With their temperament which we now call neurotic, these deviates were seers of visions and hearers of voices hidden from ordinary eyes and ears; they were regarded as having magi-

*Formerly managing editor of SEXOLOGY Magazine.

cal and prophetic powers. In some societies, those who did not wish to be men cut off the organ of the masculinity they resented, and devoted themselves irrevocably to their altered state. Among the Scythians, as among the Western Indians, less radical means were employed to alter the glandular balance of the body, and bring about greater feminization.

Robert Cowell, an English trans-sexualist, now known as "Roberta Elizabeth" Cowell. The two photographs show Mr. Cowell in 1939 as an aviator in the R.A.F., and today after his "change of sex." His male genital organs were excised by surgery.

As centuries went by, the beliefs and customs of people were altered. In the West, effeminates became the objects of hatred and detestation. The ancient Germans would drown them, as beings who were useless in war. The Middle Ages burned them as the surviving vestiges of old heathenism which had degenerated into devil worship. A more modern age regarded them as wilful rebels against nature.

Today's science thinks of them rather as distortions of personality or, at least, examples of the extreme variability of bodily and mental individuality.

Scientists believe that at the earliest instant of conception—the union of the paternal and maternal elements to form a new individual—the sex of a human being is decided. But it is also known that several weeks

must pass before the determining characteristics have developed recognizable form. Some infants are born as one sex, so far as a physician's superficial observation can determine; and, when they reach adolescence, it becames medically certain that they have changed to the other. Furthermore, within the last few years, a few indisputable cases have been studied in which one person had the genital organs of both sexes.

A person who has distinctively male organs, externally, can have the glands of a female internally and develop the secondary sex characteristics of a woman. The same paradox may be true in reverse. We see virile females shaped like men. In such cases, the psychology also is apt to be reversed.

In amateur theatricals, we may see masculine college athletes and military cadets playing feminine rôles. Sometimes a very effective *tour de force* is possible; but the young man, after all, seems a masculine-looking woman in spite of make-up; and, when he shifts back into his usual clothing, he appears much more natural.

The Invert Type

On the other hand, the young man who has the reversed characteristics of which we speak appears to better advantage in a woman's clothing. We might meet him, dressed as a woman, face to face and never suspect the disguise.

Such is the type which is called *inverted*. The invert may be entirely devoid of homosexual ideas. He may never have heard of the subject, or the notion may be abhorrent to him. He may marry and live an average married life. He may have children.

The ancient writers tell of inverts in generation after generation; but we cannot be certain whether this was not a matter of social and family conditioning. As yet, it is impossible to determine clearly, except in extreme cases, what are the respective effects of heredity and environment in producing effeminacy. A boy who is brought up from infancy under feminine guidance and in feminine company will acquire a great many female mannerisms. He may be ruggedly male by inheritance and appear feminine by taste and inclination.

Cross-Dressing

For instance, some men prefer to dress in women's clothes. They like the idea of soft, brightly-colored, ruffled and flounced garments. This is not as unnatural as it would seem. Men in most ages have worn splendid

apparel; it is only in the past couple of centuries that this tendency has been checked by a stern Puritan self-denial. The "transvestite" puts on a woman's underwear, stockings, corset, gown, hat, face powder and lipstick, and a wig, and gratifies himself. His only regret is that he cannot go out and exhibit himself publicly.

However, this does not in itself, make him really effeminate. Sexually, he may be quite masculine, living a normal married life. Sex is, after all, deeper than the clothing.

A 19th Century European transvestite in evening dress.

"Barbette," a noted European female impersonator and night-club entertainer.

The real effeminate is the one who wishes himself to be a woman and persuades himself that he really is a woman. Of course, he cannot be; but, he tries to play that he is and attempts to find friends of similar tastes.

Many guesses have been made as to the number of inverts in the population. A favorite figure quoted by authorities is three per cent. It cannot be supported by statistics; the doctors who made the guess saw pro-

fessionally many patients of this type. On the other hand, a veteran physician observes that he has been in practice for a third of a century and never seen one! The truth probably lies between these extremes.

However, in every large city the proportion is probably very much higher than in a village—not by birth, but by immigration. The young man of peculiar disposition, the only one in his little hamlet, is apt to yearn for companionship which he cannot find at home. In a large city, he can get into a society of kindred spirits.

There are organized private groups of transvestites with an affinity of temperament. There is apt to be among them a taste for music, art and literature. They seek to find in these pursuits a vindication of themselves. Novels, stories, poems and pictures which exalt comradeship among men appeal to them, because they often read into these accounts much more than the writer intended. And, in the years since the war, much has been written to express the invert mentality in both sexes.

This is, in a way, something new. The old Greeks and the medieval Persians had a good deal of literature expressing the attraction of men toward adolescent boys. But they had very little sympathy for the transvestite.

The invert male regards himself as female; he will adopt a female name by which his intimate friends may call him. A party of them are "girls," and the repression of their instincts may, among the more hysterical, burst loose in a form of exhibitionism, screeching and cackling in high-pitched falsetto voices. Such performances are often seen in public in large cities. Others, quieter and more cautious, escape attention for, perhaps, a lifetime.

In some, indeed, the whole sex instinct is sublimated into philanthropy —"the love of man." There is no outward sex expression. The invert will seek to benefit all mankind, or more directly, a specific group—even a single *protégé* on whom he lavishes an indistinct sentiment somewhere, emotionally, between that of a woman for her lover and a mother for her son.

In others, the sense of separation from mankind is turned into malevolence and hatred. There is no predicting the course of the sex drive twisted, by nature or by society, out of its proper channel.

There is a rather thoughtless habit of speaking of transvestite men and women as "the third sex." This is incorrect. Although in every individual sex is something distinct and different, there are only two sexes—male and female.

VII

Imposters in Petticoats

by L. H. Hamsley

WHEN Frances Hodgson Burnett invented the story of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to entertain her two small sons during their "hair-dressing hour" each night before retiring, she put into words the secret desires of many mothers. When the book was published it was an instant success, eagerly seized upon as an excellent excuse by mothers throughout the world, offering a reason for dressing their own sons in velvet suits, lace collars, silken sashes and long curls like those of "Fauntleroy." This is, incidentally, a description of the clothing worn by Mrs. Burnett's own sons.

The popularity of the Fauntleroy costume gradually waned in time, but the desire of many women to dress their small sons in girlish fashions is as strong as ever. Often the wish is merely to prolong the period during which the child remains her "baby," but more often the desire for a girl child prompts the mother who had anticipated a daughter to disregard the sex of the child. In order to assuage her disappointment, she will dress and treat the young boy as though he were a female.

Thus the first seeds of *transvestism* (wearing the clothing of the opposite sex) are implanted in the youngster's mind, and, more often than is generally realized, the child becomes an adult with a decided preference for female clothing, rather than the customary masculine attire. At times this develops into a "fetish" for a particular article of apparel which can be worn concealed beneath his own clothing, but not infrequently the preference for feminine attire is so strong that the youth will resort to a life-long masquerade in order to dress in women's clothes. Occasionally the deception is discovered and the supposed woman is revealed as a male. Sometimes the masqueraders decide to end their careers in skirts, and as-

sume their rightful place in the world as men, but the habits of a lifetime are difficult to erase, and the change presents many problems.

The Abbé de Choisy, who died at the age of eighty-one in the year 1724, dressed as a woman and masqueraded in feminine guise the greater part of his life. His mother, for both personal and political reasons, saw in him only an object by which she could satisfy her pleasures and ambitions. During his infancy and childhood, he was nothing more than a living doll. Up to the age of eighteen Choisy wore nothing but girls' clothing. Everything boyish was repressed and, as he grew older, tight-laced corsets gave him the slender-waisted figure of a young lady of fashion. Throughout his life he delighted in feminine finery, spending hours at his toilette, dressing his hair in the elaborate arrangements of curls that the coiffures of the period demanded. There is no questioning the virility of the Abbé, who seemed to exert the strange fascination that affects many women for the male who can assume the rôle of a woman and play the part to perfection.

The case of the Chevalier D'Eon is too well known to dwell upon, the word *eonism* being but a synonym for transvestism. Less known is the enforced masquerade of a young Frenchman, Clairet Poissonet who, possessing a beautiful head of hair, was persuaded to impersonate a young lady of fashion at a Court Ball given by Queen Christina of Sweden. Arrayed in a beautiful costume, with his luxurious hair becomingly dressed, he made a charming picture. Christina was so delighted with his appearance that she commanded that he should continue to wear his female costume. She kept him in attendance on her with her ladies-in-waiting, personally supervising the selection of his attire and the manner in which his hair was dressed.

We can readily see that, once the feminine character has been assumed, it is not easily discarded and acquired characteristics often become permanent. The sexual masquerader cannot toss aside the habits of a lifetime as readily as a girl discards an old hat. There is a psychological factor that once implanted takes firm hold. (I have deliberately omitted all reference to any case where the masquerader has been impelled to don feminine clothing because of a physical abnormality or homosexual desires.)

Case Histories

For twenty-one years "Vera Williams" lived, played and worked with feminine companions on the small island of Ocracoke. After a visit to the

mainland with "her" mother, "Vera" suddenly decided "she" was tired of being a "girl." Purchasing a suit, the money for which was earned by sewing, "she" cut "her" hair and left home, determined to become a man.

After two months, "Vera," now known as Charles, admitted his defeat and returned home, disillusioned and eager to resume the life of a girl. His former associates, however, refused to accept him in any character but his own, and he found the pleasant past of his "girlhood" denied to him in the future. His parents and brothers were angry with him for not having remained contented with his lot, instead of bringing disaster upon himself. The father and brothers had always regarded him as a girl, since the mother had never revealed his true sex. A neighbor of "Vera" said, " 'she' was almost an ideal girl, pretty, bright-eyed and tanned, with fair hair that was long and wavy. It certainly was an awful surprise to me when I heard 'Vera' was a man!"

Somewhat similar were the circumstances of nineteen-year-old Marion Bodmer, who finally ended his masquerade in skirts when he entered school in 1929. His father assumed all responsibility for the boy's impersonation and stated: "We had been hopeful the child would be born a girl, and when the baby was born we had him baptized Marion as a daughter. When the time came to discard Marion's baby clothes we dreaded the attention that a boy's suit would attract, after the announcement given out at the time of his birth—so we dressed him as a little girl.

"When Marion was nine we explained to him the masquerade imposed upon him. From then on he led a girl's life." The boy was a good student, athletic and had been chosen captain of the girl's basketball team.

In the fall of 1931, two brothers, Nola and Geneva Armstrong, aged thirty-one and thirty-three, after having masqueraded as girls until the death of their mother, decided it was time to exchange their petticoats for the trousers which were more in keeping with their true sex. They filed a petition to have their names changed to Noel and Gene, and requested that they be legally recognized as members of the male sex. The "sisters" explained that their long masquerade was due to their mother's desire for daughters, after having given birth to several sons.

Occasionally, we find a masquerader posing as a domestic worker or maid. Almost at the same time that the "Armstrong sisters" decided to end their career in skirts, another masquerader was detected while applying for a position as a housemaid. Giving the name of "Elizabeth Berger," he was dressed in the height of feminine fashion, with long auburn hair, neatly waved beneath a Eugenie hat. He stated that he had

masqueraded as a woman for forty-eight of his fifty-seven years, and claimed to have worked as a pastry-cook for a number of wealthy families.

In January, 1937, twenty-two-year-old DeWitt Weldon was exposed after having been employed as a domestic in various homes for four years. Modishly attired in feminine street dress or maid's uniform, he was described as being "of the Garbo type" with shoulder-length curled blonde hair, and answering to the name of "Evelyn."

Not quite so successful was Virginia Snooks, who obtained a position as a nursemaid in Miami, Florida, in 1931. Despite his smart red dress, high-heeled shoes, carefully manicured nails, plucked eyebrows and small

Men dressed as women, in an entertainment staged by a large industrial concern. Some transvestites are gratified by such opportunities to appear publicly in feminine apparel.

hat daintily covering his wind-blown bob, the masquerade lasted but a few days, when "Virginia" revealed "she" didn't know how to hold a child. Unmasked, he fianlly admitted he was actually Walter Snooks, and said: "I couldn't make a go of it as a man, so I decided to play a woman's rôle."

Eonism in England

In England, Evan Montague Burtt was known as "Eva Mary" for twenty-nine years, during which time he had been employed as a domestic servant and nursemaid. It was only because he met and fell in love with Matilda Edwards that he resolved to renounce his assumed sex in order

to marry her. Otherwise he would have been satisfied and happy to remain a "girl."

In that country, many mothers seem to have a particular liking for indulging in a form of chastisement known as "pinafore punishment," often concealing their real motive for dressing their sons in girlish clothing under the pretense of correcting ill manners. Even more common is the sight of quite large boys, dressed in kilts or velvet suits, or modifications of the Fauntleroy costume, the variation being limited only by the imagination or wishes of the mother. It is especially interesting to observe that most of these women are widows; that, very often, the boy has one or more sisters and that he is usually completely dominated by the feminine members of the family. A few cases, which have preserved their anonymity, are as follows:

In London, the charming manners of the twelve-year-old son of a widowed mother drew considerable attention. The boy was dressed in brown velvet shorts and jacket, blouse with frilled collar, and a silk sash fastened around an obviously corsetted waist. A velvet beret was worn over his bobbed hair.

Another youth, seventeen, was permitted to wear a boy's suit to school, but at home and in the evenings he changed into a kilt. This was worn over two linen petticoats, one made princess-fashion with a bodice; the other was embroidered and matched his pinafore apron.

In a family of three children, a girl of thirteen and two younger brothers, the boys always wore girls' clothing and were regarded as girls, all three youngsters wearing their hair long. Reversing this procedure, another mother with two sons, ten and eight, and a daughter, six years old, dressed the little girl in velvet suits to match her brothers; all wore their hair in curls.

Still another brother and sister, both apparently about fourteen, were dressed in "twin" fashion. The girl wore a silk sleeveless frock, with short, full skirt, white socks and patent-leather strap-shoes. The boy's costume was identical, except that instead of a skirt he wore a pleated kilt. Both wore their hair in a short "boyish" bob.

Two young men, on vacation from New Zealand, confided that until they were eight years old they had been dressed as little girls with their hair in ringlets. When the time arrived to put them into boys' clothes, they were given a party at which they were dressed in "short organdy frocks, reaching just above the knees, taffeta petticoats that rustled, white socks with ribbon garters and blue hair-bows to match their sashes." Their

hair was trimmed to "pageboy" bobs and the frocks replaced with kilts, Eton jackets and blouses; but at home they were often arrayed as girls.

A thirteen-year-old boy wore boy's knickers on the street. In his home his mother delighted in dressing him in girl's clothes, but instead of putting him into frocks which would conform at least to his age, if not his sex, she dressed him in the short frilly frocks of a little girl, with lace-trimmed petticoats and panties. In the garden his bobbed hair was covered with beribboned hats. The boy admitted that this feminine garb made him feel girlish, but he declared he rather liked it, because of the petting he received from his mother and her friends.

Sometimes, a mother, in her effort to heighten the effect of dressing the boy as a girl, will lace him into corsets, insist upon his wearing high-heeled shoes, or have his ears pierced for earrings. Usually she offers the explanation that "corsets strengthen the back" and "earrings are good for the eyes,"* but rarely confesses that she derives considerable pleasure from the deed.

A gentleman, now living in Boston, but who was born and grew up in Germany, wore girl's dresses and shoes as a child. When he was nine his mother had his ears pierced, and he wore a pair of coral ear-drops in them until he received his first haircut at the age of twelve. The coral drops were then removed and replaced with a pair of small gold "sleeper" earrings which he continued to wear for fourteen more years.

Female Impersonators

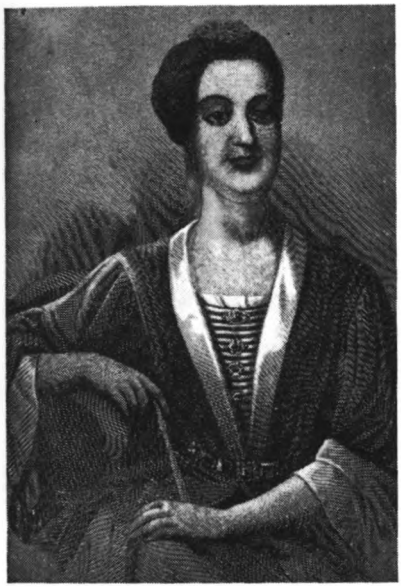
In former years, long-haired boys often masqueraded as girls on the stage and with the circus. Jimmy DeForest, the famous boxing trainer, impersonated a girl for many years. He finally cut off his long curls and ran away from home when, at the age of sixteen, he began receiving gifts and "mash" notes from men in the audience! Joe Lambert, the circus strongman, began his career by impersonating a girl at the age of eight and continued until he was almost twenty. Dressed in pink and with curled tresses, he was for years billed as "Tessie, the Girl Prodigy of the Flying Trapeze."

Most famous of all circus impersonations was that of Omar Kingsley, who from the age of six was trained as a girl in every detail. He was given the name of "Ella Zoyara," constantly dressed in feminine apparel and placed in the care of women. As "Ella" he had only the companion-

*This is another popular superstition, derived from the days when letting blood to purify the system was orthodox medical practice.

ship of girls, and he duly learned to sew, embroider and adopt all the traits of the female sex. At the age of twelve he began his career as an equestrienne, a career which carried him around the world and earned the applause of royalty. He married at the age of twenty-one and continued his successful tour until his death in India in 1879.

In 1930, nine-year-old Freddy Sorenson was winning considerable approval for the apt manner in which he appeared as a girl toedancer.



Lord Cornbury, a famous early transvestite, was Governor of New York before the American Revolution. He wore dresses in public.

A male transvestite on his way to a ball frequented by eonists and other men who like their male friends to dress in feminine clothing.

Dressed in a short dance frock and with shoulder-length curls, the boy danced as gracefully as any real girl.

Not all of the masquerades end happily however. Some indeed, are ended on a tragic note. In Budapest during 1933, after thirty years, the sudden death of Mary Toth disclosed that "she" was really a man. Even more tragic are the men who, tired of living a life of deception, seek release in death. Such was Frances Anderson. For thirty long years he had lived in the guise of a woman, and was known as the "World's Champion

Woman Billiardist." Then, at the age of sixty he suddenly decided to end his impersonation. A razor finished the masquerade forever.

In 1936, seventy-six-year-old Charles Wilhelm donned the finery he had worn as a female impersonator for fifty years, carefully placed a blonde wig over his own faded hair and hung himself. And in 1929 Mrs. Frances Peipper discovered the body of her sixteen-year-old son Arthur, fully clothed in her apparel, hanging in the kitchen. What strange quirk caused the boy to take his own life? Was he seeking a release from a life which he knew denied him the opportunity of wearing the finery he had donned for his final moments?

Perhaps one of the longest of all impersonations was that of "Sarah" McPherson, who died at the age of fifty-one at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1925. Disappointed because the child was a boy, his mother dressed and treated him as a girl, naming him Sarah. Even when he reached manhood, she insisted upon his continuing the impersonation, and at length, after her death, he evidently decided that it was too late to attempt to end his masquerade. He was buried beside his mother dressed in the feminine apparel he had worn throughout his life, his graying tresses neatly coiled in a knot for the last time.

That the desire is strong for "cross-dressing" among many men cannot be denied, but in the cases we have described the trait has been instilled by the wishes and determination of the mother. It is difficult to draw definite conclusions—there are too many factors involved—but we can readily see that it is extremely dangerous for any mother to indulge in any whim which will cause a deviation from the accepted *norm*. No mother can afford to experiment with a growing child if she expects that child to become a member of organized society. No caprice, no attempt to change nature, is worth the risk involved. A male child should be trained to reach a normal, masculine manhood, and the mother who truly loves her son will see that his environment, his clothing and the treatment he receives are centered upon that purpose. Otherwise, the psychological effect upon the child may result in an indelible "fetish" or deviation.

PART 2

Autobiographic Case Histories

VIII

"I Am Accepted"

by Murray A. Joseph "Suzybelle"

JUST before I sat down to write this article, I took a long, satisfying look into my full-length mirror. My pale green silk negligée fitted me beautifully, and hung to just above my dark green high-heeled mules. Opening the negligée I held it wide with my hands and admired the lovely underclothing it revealed. White satin bra edged with lace; snug satin lastex pantie girdle, also white, and high-waisted for the new look; sheer smoky nylons. Turning from the mirror, I was pleased to hear a feminine voice comment, sincerely, "They *do* look pretty, dear."

That comment came from—my wife!

Yes, I am a man, and I wear the clothes I have just described. I am a *transvestite,* and I offer my case history for a very definite reason. You see, I do not hide my desire to wear feminine clothing. I am open and frank about it, not only with my wife, but with my family and my friends.

And I am accepted!

Before relating how I won such acceptance instead of an examination for sanity, I'll try to recall early parts of my life that help explain why I am a transvestite.

Early Life

I was the third boy born to my mother, who desperately wanted a girl. As seems to be usual in nearly all such cases, I was kept in the long dresses girls wore until I was past two years of age. My hair was allowed to grow long by my frustrated mother until I was ready for school.

Despite these handicaps, I was as much a boy as any of my playmates —fought my share of battles; was adept at all boy sports. Mainly respon-

sible for this, I believe, were my two elder brothers and the subsequent birth of a sister when I was in the third grade.

At about ten the older boys in the neighborhood initiated me into self-gratification and homosexual practices. The first habit stayed with me until I married, in my early twenties. The homosexual practice was never very pronounced and was always of the passive type. My last experience with it was at the age of 13.

Tranvestism set in early, and quite accidentally. I was twelve when, while seeking bath towels from a closet, I brushed against a silk nightgown of my mother's that hung on the back of the closet door. The material delighted my bare skin, and, since I was alone in the house, I put the gown on. *That single, simple act started a habit that is still with me, more than twenty years later.* From that day on, at every opportunity, I wore or tried on every piece of underclothing and most of the dresses my mother had.

Because my sister was away at school, and my brothers and mother worked, these opportunities came often. Occasionally my "dressing up" climaxed with self-gratification, which I knew was wrong, but I felt that the wearing of my mother's clothes was even more sinful. I did not realize then, as I do today, that this was also an outcropping of an *Oedipus complex.*

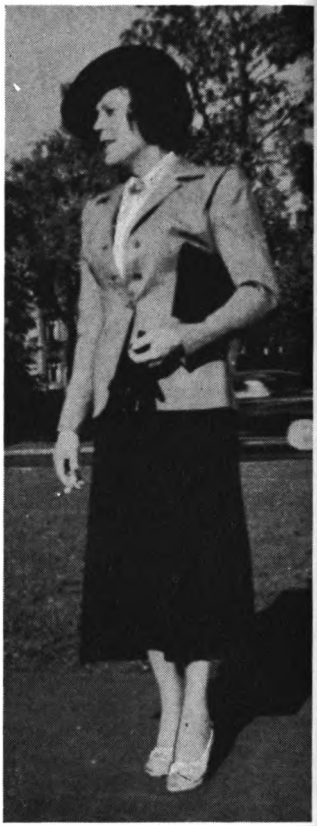
After a few weeks of staying indoors to indulge my secret wearing of feminine garments, I took to donning a pair of silk bloomers or a chemise under my street clothes and going outdoors to play. But the fear of an accident revealing my secret was too great and I stopped this practice. Today I wear no masculine underwear, and the fear of accident has given way to indifference.

Another thing I remember about those early transvestite days was that, hidden under male trousers, silk bloomers lost some of their sensual appeal. Direct sight and touch seemed to be necessary for full satisfaction. And a mirror was indispensable. I would sit opposite a mirror, reading for the few hours before anyone was due home, and, looking up suddenly from my book, I would experience much satisfaction at seeing myself arrayed in nightgown, slip, or satin underwear.

Through high school years this condition went on unchanged. But when I left school and went to work, I developed new pursuits and new friends that took the spotlight away from wearing feminine clothes. Those years, however, created a lifelong conviction—sometimes amounting to resentment—that men's clothing was too heavy, too rough, and too un-

"Suzybelle," in his letter to the Editor, said that if every transvestite had his way, he would dress and make up as this photo shows.

A snap-shot of "Suzybelle" in feminine sport clothes. He has worn female dress for a number of years. Note the wig.



"Suzybelle" with his handbag tucked under his arm, ready for a pleasant stroll in the park.

comfortable. Even today, though I wear conventional male outer garb, I scorn overcoats, vests, neckties, and all heavy rough materials.

Marriage

Until I married, I indulged only occasionally in donning my favorite feminine clothes, but I never lost the fascination they held for me. By the time I married, the habit had virtually become a dormant one—time and the upsurge of masculinity having accomplished this. For several

years I had no conscious urge to dress femininely, but I bought my wife many beautiful pieces of lingerie and loved to see her wearing them.

Then came the incident that awakened my desire. *And the odd part is that my wife was responsible!*

One evening she recalled a story some friends had told of a married couple exchanging clothes for a lark and greeting surprised guests that way. My wife thought it would be fun for us to put on each other's clothes.

As she said the words, my heart jumped, and I felt in me all the old urge to wear feminine clothes. Hastily and happily I agreed, and for the next hour or so we had a gay, happy time with each other's wardrobe. Since my wife and I are almost the same size, we found few things that did not fit.

My wife laughed heartily at the way my muscles rippled below her low-cut, sleeveless dresses, and she told me I'd never make a convincing female impersonator. I agreed, pointing out that my physique would surely spoil the effect, but I also commented on how comfortable her clothes were, compared to mine. She admitted my trousers were too heavy for her and made other uncomplimentary remarks about men's attire.

That led us to a serious discussion of comparative styles, at the end of which we concurred that men were more style-ridden than women. We also agreed that some form of crusading was necessary to help emancipate males the country over. As a beginning, I announced, I would discard trousers around our home; wear only dresses or skirts. Would she cooperate by making or buying dresses for me?

With the open-minded attitude I admire about her, my wife said I could wear chain mail if I wanted to and promised to buy me a dress next day. Meanwhile she donated a skirt to my cause.

That was the beginning. I had my wife's approval to wear what I pleased. She didn't think I was crazy or odd. But what friends and neighbors thought — that's something different! I'll never forget the first time some neighbors dropped in and saw me at my desk, a blue rayon skirt modestly covering my knees! Nor will I forget the successive "firsts" with our friends and relatives.

Some, I know, will never accept my deviation in their old-fashioned hearts. Others think I'm eccentric anyway because my work is creative —I am a writer—but most of them respect my desire and accept my wearing dresses as they accept trees or sky.

In my own case, I must admit that the desire for feminine garb was kindled originally by the flint of sensuality. I enjoyed the feeling of my mother's silk nightgown against my skin. But today that desire has widened to include reasons of practicability, comfort and health.

The day my wife bought my first dress, she also brought home a couple of jersey and satin slips for me. Gradually, I saw her tolerance expand to include my wearing even girdles, nylon hose and silk nightgowns. As long as I had made the break with male attire, she said, logically, what did it matter what I wore?

Why, you may ask, since I talk of comfort and practicability—why do I go as far as to wear girdles, garter belts and high-heeled slippers? Doesn't that prove that I'm really effeminate?

The answer to that is not simple, and perhaps needs the help of a very wise psychologist. When my wife said, "go ahead," I experienced a certain novelty in wearing everything a woman wore. Then too, the strong curiosity that helped make me a writer must be considered. On top of these feelings, I think, was a certain satisfaction in flouting convention, even if but one spectator was involved. As to actual effeminacy—which of us is not composed of both male and female tendencies, even physical attributes?

In the important matter of sexual expression, I know I am certainly *not* effeminate. My wife and I have always been perfectly adjusted sexually. And the kind of clothes I wear neither adds to nor detracts from our mutual satisfaction.

What does detract from my general enjoyment of life is that I can never appear on the street dressed in my finery—at least not until public opinion becomes as tolerant as my wife's. Even if I were to sacrifice my beloved mustache, my much too definite masculine build would reveal my masquerade. And in my home town such a masquerade means prison!

At home, however—and I do all my work there—I do as I please in the matter of dress, and this is some compensation. Thanks to a broad-minded wife, I wear whatever appeals to me from a wardrobe of many dresses, skirts, robes, négligées and all sorts of feminine underwear. And by now my neighbors are used to seeing a tall, mustached figure pacing the back yard clad in a bright silk print dress.

One day, while reading the then current issue of SEXOLOGY, my wife looked up from its pages and turned to me.

"Here's what you are, Jim," she said. "A *transvestite*."

I had never heard the term before nor been aware that many other people had the same feelings I have for clothing of the opposite sex, and I read the article eagerly. We were both grateful to SEXOLOGY for bringing such cases into the open, and for confirming our convictions that transvestism need not be synonymous with homosexuality. To scout

← This photograph shows "Suzybelle" dressed in his feminine evening wear.

→ Here "Suzybelle" is dressed in white slacks and blue coat. Note the kerchief around his head, his make-up and his earrings.

the latter notion which was held strongly by some of our friends, we typed copies of the article and handed them out where we thought they'd do the most good. As a result, many of these people have changed their ways of thinking about things sexual. They have also admitted they no longer secretly believe I am some kind of monster who should be locked in an asylum because I prefer women's clothes.

IX

My Experience as a Transvestite

by "Marilynne"

THIS story I have to tell is one that will probably leave some people gasping in disbelief, but upon my word of honor every word I write is true and undistorted. Too, there will be many who will be offended at the fact that I, a man, am living the life of a woman and who will be shocked to know I am occupying that female rôle so fully and efficiently. However, I am writing neither to shock nor to offend. I merely want, through a use of my life story, to clarify many wrong ideas that exist about *transvestism* and about those of us who prefer to array ourselves in dresses, lingerie and makeup rather than in the conventional masculine manner.

Feminine "Compulsion" in Childhood

I am a physically normal man (nearly 30 years of age), who has transformed himself into the *image of a woman* and who has *lived the life of a woman for over fifteen years!* I must emphasize that there has been no physical change in me, other than that caused by the constant use of a depilatory and of makeup. I have adopted the voice, the dress and the mannerisms of a female because that is what I am *compelled* to do. And why am I compelled? I am *compelled* by a feminine *mentality —my thought processes are those of a woman!* And too, like all transvestites, I am compelled by the overpowering urge to constantly array and display myself to the world as a *female!*

Ever since I can remember, I have wanted to be a girl. As a little boy and on through puberty and adolescence the desire to associate with and identify myself with girls—rather than boys—has stuck with me.

I always loved to play with dolls and "dress up" with the little girls in my neighborhood.

My father hated me because I was so gentle and sissified, and he used to punish me severely because of these effeminate ways. I lived in fear of him, as did my Mother. She sympathized with me after each episode with Father and although she never said so directly, I always had the feeling that she was glad I was different from the other boys. I always wore a girl's costume to masquerade parties and at Halloween, and she aided me in making up and fixing up like a little girl.

I was a lonely child, and because of my effeminacy I had no friends at school aside from a few of the girls who felt sorry for me and let me join in their conversational groups occasionally. As a consequence, I applied myself to my studies so diligently that I graduated from high school when I was fifteen. My Father was proud of my ability with books, although he still hated my girlish ways. He softened his attitude toward me and tried to talk me into going to college to study engineering so that I might work with him in his business.

But I wanted to study art—I felt that some day I would like to become a dress designer. That would put me as close to being a woman as I could ever be. Of course I told Father only that I preferred to study art. He almost threw a fit and obstinately refused to send me to school unless I agreed to do as he wished. And then one day, during one of our usual heated discussions, he lost his temper completely. He accused me of being a "morphrodite"* and shouted to Mother to take me and make me as much of a sissy as she wished—he was through!

He packed his clothes and left home, and only returned at infrequent intervals to see Mother. He never spoke to me again.

The Beginnings of Transvestism

It was now that I began, with Mother's help, to wear girls' clothes all the time. I started by just wearing one of her dresses around the house one day. She didn't object, so day by day I began to select other feminine garments to wear until I was finally clad in a complete feminine outfit including a girdle, lingerie, silk stockings and high heels. I was more contented than I had ever been in my whole life, wearing a pretty dress and occupying myself with girls' tasks around the house.

Mother and I learned very quickly that everyone accepted me for

*What he meant to say of course was *hermaphrodite*—a double-sexed person.—*Ed.*

what I appeared to be. She had bought me a cute blonde wig, and with that on I had brazenly talked to several delivery men, door-to-door salesmen and the like who had come to the house. They all complimented Mother on what a sweet little girl she had. And with a little cotton padding in my bra and pantie girdle, I appeared to be a pretty girl.

In response to my urging, we soon began to go out in public. At first we only went out at night for a walk, and I was so thrilled to walk alongside Mother with my skirts swinging in unison with hers and my high heels clicking on the pavement that I could hardly talk.

Mother really no longer regarded me as a boy; I suppose that was a natural consequence of my wearing girls' attire so constantly. She had given me a girl's name, of course; she talked to me as if I were a girl, and we were really like mother and daughter in every way.

Then one day in 1937, two years after I first assumed a girl's rôle (Mother and I had lived the whole two years in almost idyllic happiness as mother and daughter), we received word that Father had been killed in an industrial accident. In rapid order, after the funeral, Mother sold our home, liquidated all of Father's holdings and we prepared to move. Where we were going and why the sudden move was being made, I did not know.

However, everything was clarified one morning when Mother came into my room. I had just arisen for the day and was seated at my dressing table brushing my hair. (By now it had grown to almost shoulder length.) She sat down on the bed and beckoned to me to sit beside her. I gathered the skirts of my gown and négligée about me and sank down beside her. The things she told me meant that even my wildest dreams were about to be realized.

"Mother and Daughter"

She was, first of all, happy beyond words that I so wanted to be a girl. She had always wanted a daughter instead of a son and now that Father was gone and had left her independently well off, she intended to make me just as girlish and feminine as money and the things it would buy could possibly do. She was determined that I, as her *daughter,* should have everything any girl could want.

A few weeks and innumerable shopping trips after this talk, I was the possessor of a wardrobe that would have been the envy of any girl. Mother had let nothing stand in the way of making me over into a female mold.

Two days later Mother and I boarded a train for California. I was a beautifully dressed 17-year-old miss, and Mother was so proud of me she fairly beamed. Just the day before, I had spent my first session in a beauty shop. When I emerged from the shop with my own fluffy curls, my gleaming enameled nails, prettily arched eyebrows and the professionally applied make-up that Mother had allowed me, I was beside myself with the sheer ecstasy of knowing that I really was pretty. And with my first look in that beauty shop mirror when they had finished with me, I knew I would never again be attired as anything but a female or regarded by anyone as anything but a female person.

Mother and I came West and purchased a home in a lovely section of one of the West Coast's largest cities. As a widow and her daughter, we began our existence here. During the past thirteen years of my life as a girl and a woman of nearly thirty, I have grown to be sublimely happy.

Only one serious obstacle has been encountered in my growth from girlhood into womanhood. Around my eighteenth year my beard began to develop, and it was only after the expenditure of hundreds of dollars and countless trips to a dermatologist that I conquered the problem. Now the one thing that threatened for a time to expose my true sex is but a memory.

Artificial Female Form

I know that an explanation must be made as to how I manage to effect the natural voluptuousness of a fully developed woman. Of course it isn't as difficult as it may seem, but it has taken a lot of planning and thought, and I am much pleased with the results.

My breasts are made of foam rubber like those for women who have suffered surgical amputations. However, they are covered with a plastic covering that is a marvelously accurate imitation of human skin. The edge of this plastic is feathered out, attached to my skin with a special adhesive and the edges blended with cream make-up and powdered. The illusion is perfect—so perfect that in the hundreds of times I have tried on dresses in stores and been fitted by my personal seamstress I have never been suspected of having artificial breasts!

My hips and the concealment of my sexual parts is another bit of make-up magic of which I am very proud. Next to my skin I wear a rubber panty girdle that was especially made for me, according to my specifications and at considerable cost. It consists of a lining of cotton-

impregnated skin-tight rubber panties. Between these panties and the outer covering of the same stretchable plastic that covers my breasts is padding of live foam rubber, so arranged that my hips are as full and buxom as those of a normal woman. This padding blends into nothing at the waist and upper thigh so that when I wear over this deceiver even the sheerest lingerie, the effect is undetectable at even a few feet.

The concealment of my sexual organs is taken care of in the design of my girdle. They are held in an upward position in a specially padded pocket that gives me just enough of a "tummy" to appear even more womanly. So you can see that nothing has been left undone to create the change in me that I worked so hard for. And the most pleasing thing to me is that I really *feel like a woman* when wearing the padding I have described. It is almost as much a part of me as my own skin. In addition I have trained myself to have to answer the demands of nature but once each day, and so I am usually at home when removal of the panties is necessary.

Search for a Job

After our arrival in the West, several months passed during which we lived just about as we had previously. As mother and "daughter" there were shopping trips galore and also many visits to movies and the theatre. But I soon began to fret because I really had no friends except Mother and no one to talk to but her. Therefore I announced one day against her objections that I was going out to look for a job.

I had no fear of detection in undertaking such a venture. I now went forth in public with never a thought of such a thing. Frequent trips about the neighborhood and to the corner market in such abbreviated costumes as shorts and a bare midriff blouse, with my hair done up in pin curls and with lipstick my only make-up, had given me absolute confidence in my appearance and in my ability to conduct myself the way a girl would in almost any situation.

So I enrolled in a business school that taught apparel merchandising, and after eighteen months was graduated and placed in a job in one of the city's leading women's shops.

My position as salesgirl in such an exclusive women's establishment was ideal for me. It let me wear every day the pretty clothes of which I was so fond, as I had to dress in the height of fashion in order to hold my job. And it let me handle the things I liked most, women's clothes. And to top it all, it permitted me to mix with an almost exclusively female

group of people. I settled down to being a woman in a woman's world. It was almost like a dream, it was so wonderful.

But it has not proven to be a dream. Now well over ten years have passed since I first came to work as a 19-year-old "girl" just out of school. I have progressed to the job of assistant to the manager of the dress departments of the whole store. I am a well-known woman in the West Coast women's apparel field. I feel that I am a success in my chosen rôle.

Just as an indication of how well I am accepted as a woman by everyone who knows me—and I have many close friends who, I am sure, would die of mortification if ever my true sex were exposed—I would like to point out that just recently I served as maid-of-honor at the wedding of my closest friend.

For ten years I have delved and probed into anything I could find that would shed further light on the subject of *transvestism*. I would like to offer here for your perusal my own interpretation of just what transvestism is and what transvestites are. Although I may not have the medical and scientific knowledge to give a critical analysis of such a complex subject, I do have something that the medical men do not possess, that is, an intimate knowledge of the satisfaction that comes from wearing women's clothing—something that only a transvestite could understand fully. I am not ashamed of being as I am—I am proud of it!

Four Classes of Transvestites

I would like to point out here that there is a very decided difference in "us men who wear dresses." I feel that there are at least four primary classifications into which we *femmen* (my own term and a contraction for "feminine men") should be placed. Each is essentially different and deserves analysis and discussion.

1. I would list this type as the true deviates and homosexuals. They are the men who wear rouge and lipstick, pluck their eyebrows, and simulate women only in a very superficial way—enough to indicate to their homosexual friends that they prefer the passive rôle in their relations. This group includes the exhibitionists and other "low deviates" (my own terminology). These men merely assume a *superficial* feminine rôle in order to satisfy their physical sexual desires. In their hearts there is no real desire to be women. They *want to be men,* only they are happier to achieve their sexual satisfaction in an unnatural "feminine" manner and through association with *other men* and not women.

2. I would list this class as the *professional female impersonators*—

the men who are so skillful at simulating all feminine mannerisms and outward appearances that they are able to make a living in the theatrical world through this skill. There is a considerable overlapping in this as well as in all of the classes I describe. Many of the members of group 2, I am sure, have drifted into this category through chance, although they are really true members of group 1. They have found that it pays them to assume such a remarkably close resemblance to women in dress and actions. But the strong desire to be a genuine member of the female sex is not there. As we approach group 3, we find that there is overlapping in this direction also by the members of group 2.

3. I describe this division as the "periodic femmen." In other words, there are times when they have a heart-rending desire to be completely and truly women. Outwardly completely normal and leading a man's life in every way, they still will maintain a secret feminine wardrobe in which they can dress themselves when the overpowering urge to be a woman strikes them. This drive, I find, corresponds closely to a woman's menstrual cycle. There are periods of approximately a week's duration occurring every 20 to 30 days when the only important thing in the world to them is wearing a dress and make-up, a complete feminine outfit and parading constantly before their mirrors.

And now we come to group 4, the class to which I feel I belong and which I also believe is the masculine assumption of the feminine rôle in its highest and most morally perfect respect. There are fewer members of group 4 than of any other category, as far as actual and permanent transformation of man into woman—through the use of make-up and change of attire—is concerned. But our spiritual numbers are many. It's just that a woman's rôle is far too difficult and exacting for a man to play, unless he has at least the outward appearance of the feminine body. Sheer physical size and muscular development prevent many male "girls" from assuming the feminine existence that they prefer. At heart all of us are women. Twenty-four hours a day we are either actually or mentally attired as a woman and occupied with feminine thoughts and pursuits. *Nothing masculine is overly attractive to us.* We (and this is probably the most characteristic of group 4 femmen) ache with a fierce desire to be able to have marital relations, to marry men, become pregnant, bear children and nurse them at our breasts, play the role of a submissive wife to a strong, masculine dominant husband, and be a sweet and loving mother to a brood of children for every hour of every day.

I know that personally I have the most intense feelings of jealousy

and envy whenever I see an attractive woman who is noticeably pregnant. An attractive woman carries her child beautifully and should be envied, for her experience is the most glorious thing on earth.

The last few passages would probably lead you to believe that I, and members of my group, are violently homosexual because of our desires for a husband and children. But nothing could be further from the truth. Although we all are mentally feminine and care only for a woman's way of life—at the same time we realize that homosexual relations are terribly repugnant and if not avoided would only plummet us to the depths of group 1, the deviates and sexual delinquents.

Life "Without Sex"

So we attempt to live the exalted ascetic life of *complete abstinence from all sex*. We surround ourselves with other women and occupy ourselves with feminine tasks and thoughts. Sex has no place for us, and we know it and are reconciled to a life without it.

I, personally, can say that I almost never feel a desire for physical sexual satisfaction. Occasionally I have nocturnal emissions, but my dreams are *not* those of a man. Instead I dream of being a beautiful and voluptuous woman carefully dressing my white feminine body in lovely and ultra-fashionable garments. Or at times I dream of being pregnant, being wonderfully heavy with child; perhaps I am enjoying the heavenly experience of nursing a tiny baby at my breast; or I may be dressing a little girl (my daughter, of course) in a frilly dress or lovely little girl's clothes. *I never dream of having a little boy*—it is always a beautiful little blonde girl whom I can play with and dress up just like a live doll. I dream of walking in the park with her; we are clad in "mother and daughter" dresses and she calls me her "Mummie." So you see even my dreams are those of a woman.

Of course the hope of all us femmen is to have the public attitude toward us change to such an extent that the stringent laws against public impersonation of women will be repealed or modified sufficiently to permit us to legally assume women's attire.

With a glance at one other phase of my existence, I want to bring this story to a close. This concerns my attitude toward other men or women.

As to men, I want to pick no fight with any of them because I choose to renounce their sex or because I think masculinity is far inferior to femininity in every way. My feelings toward men are a mixture of

amusement because of the superior attitude I invariably find they take toward me because I am a "woman." In the course of business in my store, I occasionally find it necessary to have lunch with my boss (who is a man) or one of the many salesmen who call and represent the firms with which we do business. I have even had "dates" with several of these men and I may assure you that I am as much at home in an evening dress on a night-club dance floor as any girl you may know. *I am completely accepted as a "girl."*

As for women, I feel that I am a *typical* member of the female sex. My first loves are pretty clothes, make-up, sewing (at which I am very good, and which is my favorite pastime), and dancing. I love to dance despite the fact that I have few opportunities because of my lack of male companionship. The most pleasurable thing about dancing to me is the swirling of my skirts about my legs and the knowledge that I make a pretty feminine picture as I glide over the floor.

I prefer the company of women to men. The satisfaction of being accepted as one of them is indescribable. My thoughts when I look at another woman are so far different from those of a man as to be ludicrous in the light of my actual sex. The first thought that goes through my mind is one of jealousy, if she is better dressed than I am. And my other thoughts are those of a female too. Her figure to me is merely a prop for her clothes; her legs, no matter how shapely, only cause me to idly wonder if her stocking seams are straight—if I look at them at all; and her hair-do and make-up bring wonder as to who her hairdresser might be and what shade of lipstick she is wearing.

Mother and I are members of two women's clubs. It is one of my greatest pleasures to attend their meetings, engage in their feminine chit-chat, and compare my clothes, hats and furs with those of the *other* girls. I feel that I belong in a group of women; I am thoroughly at home and contented with them. My conversation is that of a woman—typical feminine phrases come easily to my lips. My actions are those of a girl too.

I want to close with this parting thought. There are countless numbers of men in the world today who would be much more valuable members of society in female attire and with female occupations than they ever would be as the "half-men" they are. When are we going to realize this and do something about accepting these "femmen" as a legitimate "third sex?" It's not as eccentric as it seems. *Some day it will be done!*

X

Confession of a Female Impersonator

by "Miss Carol Anne Masters"

IN a city newspaper, under "Female Help Wanted," I recently noticed several ads for a photographer's model, a television model, and a dress model, size 14. I answered each of these ads by mail. Models who apply for such jobs are expected to appear in person. I was not surprised by the fact that I received no reply from any of the agencies.

If I had been asked to appear in person, I would have done so, and if accepted, I would have done a very smart job of modeling. However, my letters of application may have been read with some degree of surprise, because they contained a brief history of myself together with the fact that I am not a girl—but a MAN!

Little wonder that they did not answer. Perhaps they thought I was a candidate for a mental hospital or just a dull practical joker. But the fact is that I can model! I have been successfully employed as a model.

Why should a young man want to live and work as a young woman? I shall attempt to explain, by my life story, my reasons and hope to find some who will consider a person's life for what it is—and not as convention dictates it should become.

Childhood Experiences

I was born Aug. 24, 1921 and am now in my 28th year and still a *virgin!* When I was very young, I was the constant object of affection of my two older sisters. They looked upon me as a doll to feed and to clothe, to rock to sleep, and to take care of in the gentlest ways. My mother, because of her employment outside of the home, assigned to my two sisters the responsibility of caring for me. I grew up in these surroundings and formed opinions that remain with me: that I should

have anything I wanted, or needed, or that I should be able to eat what I liked, smile or cry if I liked, be agreeable or disagreeable if I liked—*and to wear dresses or trousers as I desired!* These ideas were childish, but I considered them important.

(Nearly all transvestists with whom we have talked—both male and female—have admitted that they were spoiled when they were children and that they have not outgrown this *spoiled-child attitude.* Though they believe that they no longer are childish, their determination to flout the

"Carol Anne Masters" in his regular masculine attire, and dressed in feminine clothes and wig. He has learned the art of make-up as a female impersonator.

generally accepted conventions in the matter of attire and their practice of deception as to their sex, are only a perpetuation of the *spoiled-child* attitude. Blame rests with those in charge of the early training of children rather than with the children, who find it difficult, as they grow up, to learn the practice of consideration of the feelings of others. That they feel bitter toward, and defiant of, the conventions pertaining to attire is evidence of the continuance of the childish nature.—*Editor.*)

I was about five years old when I was taken out of baby dresses and

put into masculine rompers. At first I was proud to wear them. With a feeling of masculine superiority, I walked down the street and challenged a neighbor child of my age to a fight. I thought a fight was necessarily associated with the acquisition of a pair of pants. It was then that my masculine pride got a terrific jolt, for the neighbor boy, although still in baby dress and petticoat, not only defeated me—he took my pants!

I went home blubbering, in my underwear, and had my bruises washed. The next day, instead of the rompers, I wore a new dress. This gave me another jolt, but I was told that I would get trousers as soon as I started going to school, and that in the meantime I would wear the dress until I got another pair of rompers.

My hair was long, blond and curly. My big smile and large blue eyes would always ingratiate the hearts of grown-ups.

School started for me when I was six. I well remember that first day. After breakfast my mother brought out a box and from it she took out my first long-trousered suit. It was just like Dad's except that it was smaller. I was indeed proud to wear it. At school the other boys of my age had knee pants or knickers; I was the only one with long trousers. Everything went well until I took off my hat. Then, my long golden curls showered down and the close-cropped boys howled with glee.

They pranced around me at recess, pulling my locks and calling me "sissy." Finally, I could take it no longer and vigorously attacked a nearby tormentor. This time I was the victor. I was sitting atop my adversary, pounding him with both fists, tears streaming down my face—tears of wounded pride, mixed with his tears of agony—when the teacher dragged me off and sent me home with a note. My new suit was all dirty and scuffed.

This made Mother furious. She told me that every time I had on a pair of pants I got into a fight. Next day I received another lecture and was kept at home, locked in my room, while she went to town to have my suit cleaned and do some shopping. She returned, carrying some boxes and parcels which she put on a chair. She told me that I would go to a different school, starting the next day. In the boxes, she said, were my new school clothes; in the morning I was to put them on myself and come to breakfast, ready for her to take me to the other school.

I felt sorry about getting my suit dirty, and I resolved that I would take better care of my new suit. As the sun streamed in the window, I awoke with a healthy desire to see what my new clothes looked like. I opened the flat box and looked. I felt a little confused, then it dawned

on me! There was a pretty little *dress* just about my size, petticoat, bloomers, stockings, a coat and hat, and in the other box sandals and a pair of rubbers. I was greatly disturbed. I sat down and decided I wouldn't be going to school. Soon my sister told me to hurry and dress; it was getting late. I tried to complain, but she just smiled as if it were natural for me to wear skirts, and when I still hesitated, she came in and helped me herself. I was too numb to resist. Soon I was standing fully clothed, and she just finished buttoning the dress up the back. I was pushed and pulled to breakfast. I felt conspicuous, but everybody acted as if it were natural for me to appear in a dress. I pulled at my skirts and they tickled my knees and thighs. It wasn't at all unpleasant. I was more embarrassed than hurt. I had been called Junior before; now they all called me *June.* Even a girl's name!

I was taken to the new school and introduced to the principal. I was put in the *girls'* classes and took their "gym" period, etc. After a week at school I felt better. No one laughed at me and all the teachers were kind—even the boys treated me gently and with certain awe.

(There is something strangely amiss here. Children of doubtful sex have attended the public schools as members of the sex to which they apparently belonged. Later in life their true sex has been determined and it frequently has happened that they were not of the sex which they and others had believed.

In studying the stories of hundreds of tranvestites, I have observed this common fault, either of failure to explain just how they managed to keep their true secret or whether they did. Cases actually have happened, as with Guy de Maupassant's *Mademoiselle,* in which the sex urge brought the true sex of a masquerader to light—with the exception, of course, that "Mademoiselle's" true sex was known. It was "Mademoiselle," *himself,* who felt the upsurge of sex desire, attempted rape and shouted, in tears, "I am a man, I tell you, I am a man."—*Editor.*)

On the Sunday following, I was given a white chiffon dress to wear. Under it I wore a white vest and petticoat, frilly with lace; my shoes and short socks were white.

(Here is another *faux pas* almost exclusive with tranvestists of the male sex. Ask one—whose confidence you have—if he honestly remembers each item of clothing, its color and descriptions, as he depicts it in a written or a verbal description, and he will invariably give you the honest answer that he does not. He is thinking wistfully of what he now would like to wear were he at the physical age he describes.—*Editor.*)

The day was bright and sunny with a warm breeze blowing. My sisters and I had to walk to Sunday School. This was a new experience for me, because the wind played with our skirts, and as mine was light, I was continually holding it down. My hair was in long ring curls, and a dainty blue ribbon adorned my hair at the back.

I recall an incident about this time that almost changed the course of my life. The Hal Roach Studios were looking for a child to take the little girl's part in the "Our Gang" comedies. Friends said I looked like Jean Darling, so I was taken to be judged in the contest. I was selected to come back to compete with two other youngsters, but on the second trip I found I might be separated from my mother if I won, so I was a disagreeable little girl. Naturally, I was turned down because of my *disposition.*

The day came, however, when I was to enter the sixth grade. That day my hair was cut and I again acquired a pair of *trousers*—knickers.

I continued to go to school and only once did I wear a dress. Once I took the part of a gypsy girl in an operetta because, having a natural soprano voice, I could sing well. At the end of my tenth year, my folks were in such financial straits that I left school and went to work for a year. By that time I craved skirts so much that I bought a dress and would spend hours wearing it.

I eventually finished school. In my final year I was considered a brilliant student for I took ten subjects, besides being in the Glee Club, the "lead" in the Senior Class play and editor of the school paper. I found through my efforts that I had developed a flair for dramatics. This, today, is very pronounced.

Adult Experience

Upon graduation I applied for and was employed by the Civil Service. Here for eight months I worked hard. I bought some dresses which I wore in my rented room.

At the outbreak of the War, I enlisted as an Aviation Cadet. I took training at Kelly Field at Chickasha, Oklahoma. While I was in training, I acquired more feminine apparel—dresses, undies, shoes, coats and hats. How I kept these concealed is a secret, but I did. Throughout my Army life, I had my *dainties.* By the end of 1945 I had become adept at makeup, had a wig and felt ready to start a new life.

I used to dream of living as a girl, but circumstances dictated otherwise.

Like most transvestites, I liked my feminine attire and skirts most of all, but I wanted to be admired, to be seen, to be talked about. I wanted both men and women to say: "How pretty you are." "Such gorgeous jewels." And "Oh *that dress,* where did you find it?"

(Here is the key to the personality of this tranvestite. He is a narcissist—one given to excessive self-adoration.—*Editor.*)

All this I desired. I felt an urge to be included as a *girl among girls!* I wanted to discuss new styles, new hair-do, make-up, shoes, lingerie, etc.

Soon after quitting the military service, I started a correspondence with a pretty girl who lived in a neighboring state. I went to meet her, and I *knew* I could love women because I loved her. However, after a while she turned away from me and I was left with nothing but memories and regrets. I took a leisurely trip through the West—part of the time dressed as a *girl,* part of the time as a *man!*

As time went on, I grew bolder. I would carefully make up, dress and go to the movies after dark, then I would go out in the daytime in my car. Finally, I would simply dress and go anywhere, anytime, *as a girl!* No one ever doubted me, and often I drew whistles from the boys.

Female Impersonator

While I was in California, I decided to visit Hollywood just to see it. The day I arrived I was dressed as a man, but stray echoes of perfume lingered about me. By fate I met a Mr. B. who worked for a studio. We became friendly. I told him of my transvestite desire and got dressed up for him. He thought it remarkable that I looked much like one of the star actresses. This led to my being in five films. I was exceedingly well pleased. For six months, nothing but skirts and lace!

At that time I became acquainted with many people who knew me as Miss C. A proprietor of a dress shop hired me as a model. In my spare time I would go to this man's store in a nearby city and model his Junior Fashions. I had success in both the films and in the modeling. At the annual beauty parade held there I was entered, and among 80 gorgeous girls I was awarded third prize—a beautiful gold compact.

With opinion thus established, I became more the coquette than before. I went to gay parties, where I was toasted, got my name in the papers, and in general, for a week or so, was celebrated. Many handsome bachelors invited me to ride in their expensive automobiles. I rejected these invitations.

Finally, I rode home in my old Ford car. I changed clothes and

character before I arrived. As a young man, I entered the home of my parents. They received me coldly at first, but as the tension wore off and I explained that my trip had been "heart balm" they decided to understand.

(Strange is the aberration of parents to rear a child as a member of the sex to which he does not belong, and when he has grown to maturity to decline to tolerate the aberration they have taught him. Unfortunately such aberrations, in one form or another, are more common than is believed.—*Editor.*)

While at home I received a letter from an army buddy. I went to see him. He asked my ideas about producing some plays—we had done a few in the service for the hospitalized boys (yes, I was the "leading lady")—and staging them to make some money. I agreed, if I were the "leading lady." To this plan he was agreeable. So we planned and produced. I never told my folks about all this. I just didn't have the courage to tell them.

Sometime later, my mother asked me about my doings. The lipstick and mascara were still on my face. I refused to answer. She then told me I must trust her and tell her—or leave—and, hothead that I am, I *did* leave. I took up residence in a city thirty miles away.

Since my brother, sister and I all were then working at the same place, I saw them often and was on friendly terms with them, but I withheld information until I could finally choose a course of action.

Of course, I made good money and bought all the frills and fancies I desired. One day a club opened, featuring *female impersonators*. Interested in seeing female impersonations, I attended the club as a spectator. The "performance" was tawdry and the impersonators were shabby; they seemed to be what they were—men in dresses, and unattractive. I wished that I could be a *female impersonator* too—with more finesse and appealing excellence. I began research on all the impersonators and ran the whole gamut from the incomparable and exquisite Dr. Mei-Lan-Fang, down through the Abbé De Choisy (the aristocratic French impersonator), Jenny De Savalette, Aranke Gyvengy, Chretienni, Stir-Hall, Stuart, Julian Eltinge, Fregoli, Bertin, Gypi, Ristori, Nielda, Sergi, Barbette—and others, even to the various night-club performers who are now to be seen.

I went to a model's school! In Cincinnati I visited a capable expert in skin analysis and makeup. I studied music. Today, I have some of the

finest dress designers in the country working for me. I have been offered contracts as "leading lady" in stage plays, television contracts, night-club work, etc., at very attractive salaries. Because of some special work I could not accept any of these offers.

I have the desire of a transvestite and the urge of the born exhibitionist—besides natural talent. I think that the world will look upon my efforts as art, because I approach it from a superior angle. I am proud —proud of my art. I believe that one day I shall be acclaimed as the leading female impersonator. Today many famous persons acclaim me as the leading female impersonator. They look upon my habits as an art and I am respected for it.

So, that brings us to the present. What do I do? How do I live? I am in a large city. I have simple taste in an apartment. When I go out, I dress as a man; I do not desire public attention at this time.

If I stay in, it is different. One day of my life as a "girl" may go like this (my diary notes):—

"I arose this morning, took a shower. Put on my blue silk negligée and started breakfast, listened to a news program and combed my hair. While the coffee was percolating I stripped and shaved.

"Put on my masculine attire, had breakfast and left.

"After hard day's work, returned at 10 p.m. Started supper, heard music on the radio and took a shower. Back into negligée for supper, tied on apron and washed dishes and cleaned up; beauty routine, and to bed (wearing pink lace-trimmed nightgown) to read for an hour. Will not put in earrings—too tired."

Next day (Saturday):—

"Arose 8:00 a.m., took shower, started breakfast, carefully shaved, ate. Made up carefully, put in my gold-hoop earrings (my ears are pierced), attired myself in blue silk panties, slip, bra, garter-belt, nylons, and my open-toe, open-heel sandals with 3″ heels, black dress of rayon crepe. Combed my hair, put on leopard coat and hat, gloves, etc. Went to dressmaker for fitting. Discussed skirt fullness and hang. Had lunch—went to bookstore—no luck. To the theatre. Out. Had a sandwich—went to Library—left late—home, changed to evening gown, satin sandals, fur coat, no hat but a muff. Went to a dance. Had a nice time—some people know me—that's good. They don't seem to mind . . ."

What started out as an expensive desire has become a dainty sweet living. I do not advise anyone to try to be an impersonator—hard work and natural skill are necessary. Just being a transvestite isn't enough!

XI

A Case of Concealed Transvestism

by "Transvestal"

MY earliest remembrance of transvestite tendencies goes back to the time I was six years old, when my father called me a "sissy" because I had misbehaved and for punishment made me put on a pair of my sister's bloomers. I felt very embarrassed wearing bloomers in front of my family, but worse when the bloomers were seen by others, because they showed under the knee pants I wore as a young boy.

A Startling Experience

After that I did not have any yearning to wear female attire until I was about fourteen. My family went away for the week-end and I stayed at home alone in the house. My two older sisters and I were about the same size. Left by myself, I was looking through my dresser drawer for something. Not finding it, I started to look in my sister's drawer. I noticed the fine silk underthings, which felt very soft to my touch. A peculiar feeling hard to explain came over me. Suddenly I put on my sister's silk underwear, which felt very soft next to my body, and a thrilling sensation went through me. I next selected a dress and put it on also. There I stood looking in the mirror and felt very pleased with myself. I did this on several occasions. After I grew older I bought myself my own female attire, hid it in the attic and dressed there whenever I had the opportunity.

No one knows of my desire and sometimes I wish I could confide in some one, but as yet I have not found the right person. I used to be embarrassed in approaching salesladies and asking for feminine wearing apparel. However, I have shopped and still shop at a small department store and receive courteous attention. I like to discuss with the sales people the various types of panties, slips, bras and other articles of clothing I buy. Of course I always tell them I have an invalid sister and that I

must shop for her. I was quite pleased the other day when, as a salesgirl was wrapping some panties and slips I had just purchased, a woman standing next to me said, "I could never get my husband to come in and purchase garments of this nature for me." The saleslady, with whom I had dealt with before, replied, "He is one of the nicest customers we have. He always knows just what he wants and we enjoy waiting on him."

As the years have gone by I have accumulated a lovely feminine wardrobe which consists of shoes, dresses, skirts, blouses, slips, panties, bras and various types of foundations and négligées.

Coming home after work, I like to bathe, use pleasing perfumes, and don a skirt and blouse, or a silk print dress or a suit. On occasions I have dressed as if I were out formally in an evening gown. I also have a négligée outfit which is beautiful. I wear silk underwear.

I never go out dressed in my female attire, even though I wish to, because I fear detection. However, one of these days I shall find the right person, and perhaps I will be able to do as I please.

I think I am a transvestite because I am of a very bashful nature, especially in a crowd of men. I am considered a very quiet person. However, when dressed in my female attire I feel more confident than I do in my male clothes. I am not considered a handsome man, and I am much better looking dressed as a woman. I am tall, quite heavy, and when dressed in male attire appear stout; but when I put on my corset and dresses, I am much slimmer and attractive.

In dressing as a female, I wear pancake make-up which covers my beard and gives my skin a very soft appearance. I then apply my lipstick and rouge. I have a wig of soft, lovely hair. After putting on my female clothing, I am thrilled at my appearance in the mirror. There I am a lovely lady all dressed up with nowhere to go.

I have never had any homosexual inclinations, and have had and still have relationships with the opposite sex. My only oddity is that I am thrilled when wearing my female attire. I wish that I could meet with others who feel as I do, discuss our problems intelligently, and try to impress society with our problem so that we will not be looked upon as "queers." If society would accept us just as they accept the way women wear men's attire in public, our problem would be simplified. Some day I think we will be accepted.

I read recently that men are starting to complain about the heaviness of their clothing. They are saying women are the more practical sex because they wear clothes that are more comfortable than those worn by

men. In the discussion one man said that males should wear man-tailored skirts and lighter-weight materials. It was mentioned that in Scotland men wear skirts, and certainly these Scots are not considered queer. Also, in many Eastern lands the men wear robes of silk and other light materials. Of course we live in a conventional world, and unless we conform to social custom we are considered queer. I have read of cases where men were caught wearing female attire in public, and were treated as though they were criminals and at times ridiculed.

At least the privacy of a man's home cannot be invaded. As long as I and others like me, who get a thrill out of wearing female attire, can do as we please in our own homes. we shall satisfy ourselves that way until society will no longer look upon us as unusual people.

Editor's Note:—It is a curious fact that most tranvestites take it for granted that their own cases are quite exceptional. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is nothing in sexological behaviorism that is new. Transvestism goes back to the dawn of man; it has been known since earliest times.

Most transvestites, as a rule, do not go out in public, but tend to stay in their own domicile, usually deriving complete satisfaction in this manner. As in everything, there are of course exceptions. From our own researches, less than 10% of transvestites appear publicly. The largest percentage of them never have witnesses when they undergo their periodic transformations. A small percentage are married and their spouses are fully apprised of their compulsions.

Of all sexual deviations, transvestism probably is the most innocuous. It would also appear that no one is ever hurt by the transvestite's harmless transformations. The great difficulty that transvestites labor under is their sense of guilt because they think themselves "queer." Most male transvestites have a strong belief that others take them for homosexuals, which, of course, they are not. The average true transvestite has no homosexual leanings whatsoever. This guilt complex is frequently damaging to the morale of the transvestite.

As our correspondent puts it succinctly, Scotsmen wear skirts and so do the Greeks and some other peoples. This makes them ridiculous in the eyes of other countries, but in their own country nobody pays any attention to it. However, wearing the other sex's dress in public is an entirely different matter. In this case much mischief can be done and the authorities are quite right that they consider this an offense.

XII

I Wear Dresses — So What!

by "Jeanne"

THOSE who defend our right to wear feminine garments are few and difficult to find. I, too, am one of the fortunate unfortunates known as transvestites.

The true male transvestite does not wear feminine apparel just because he wants to. No, it goes a good deal deeper than this. There may be periods of days or weeks between the times when an uncontrollable urge slowly builds up. The day arrives when he can finally withstand the desire no longer, and he makes arrangements to wear his carefully chosen feminine clothing. Then, making sure that he is alone and will not be disturbed, he proceeds to dress with special care.

To illustrate this point, let me tell you what happened to me today. When I awoke this morning, I had an urgent desire to dress in feminine garments. I just had to wear my dresses today, or be unable to get along with anyone till I did. I got up and took my shower, shaved very carefully, then proceeded to dress. As I write this, I am wearing a silk foundation garment to hold my genitals out of the way, a pair of beautiful lace-trimmed silk step-ins, a lace-trimmed silk bra (appropriately filled for contour), and a lovely white silk slip. Over this I have on a black crêpe dress, and of course I am wearing silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. My face is carefully made up. And there I am, a lady all dressed up and no place she dares to go. So, wearing feminine garments, I sat down to write this.

The emotional disturbance referred to by many transvestites is exactly like that experienced by myself and two other gentlemen of my acquaintance. Let me first assure you that we are not persons of the type commonly known as "queers." I believe this word should be re-

stricted to homosexuals, lesbians, and the like, but definitely not to the true or involuntary transvestite. The other two men and I all hold letters in sports earned at our various schools and colleges. All of us were in the service during the late war and saw considerable action. Two of us bear

A male transvestite "makes up." "Jeanne" writes: "Shown in this picture are my black crepe dress, my green silk print (with a draped skirt, it looks heavenly on me), and my beige wool dress. The jacket with the pin belongs to my new gabardine two-piece dress. All the lovely lingerie and shoes shown in the picture are mine too."

wound scars. We also hold five military decorations. We are young and still active in various sports. Could you truthfully label any of us as a sissy? I think not.

As to education, we are all university graduates, two of us having

degrees. We hold responsible positions in the business world, and have the respect, confidence and friendship of many people.

With the exception of our wearing dresses occasionally, we think there is no radical difference between us and the so-called "normal" man. All three of us are healthy in our sexual instincts. Our wives know all about our transvestite desires and do all they can to aid us. We do *not* prowl about at night peeping into ladies' boudoirs or attacking unwary young women in the street, nor do we wear our hair unusually long or parade about outdoors in our preferred, but forbidden—by convention—dresses. We are definitely not dangerous characters nor are we guilty of crimes against humanity. We spend our evenings as most people do: sitting at home, playing cards, taking our respective wives to a show or a dance—in other words, a quite usual average existence.

Life History

Why do three otherwise average males prefer to wear feminine silks and satins instead of the conventional male garments? Friend B. was unfortunate in being the only boy and youngest child in a family of four sisters. His mother's idea of punishment was to dress him in the clothes of his sisters and send him out to play with the other children of the neighborhood. After a while this ceased to be a punishment as he became used to it. He began to like being a "girl", and voluntarily dressed as a girl and played with girls. His mother and sisters did not object to his masquerade, but rather saw amusement in it. They gave him a girl's name, ceased buying boys' clothes for him and instead bought feminine garments for him to wear. Today, though he has reverted to his own sex status, he still retains a desire for feminine apparel.

My second friend, K., was brought up by a disappointed but short-sighted mother who wanted a girl and so occasionally dressed him as one. K., having been accustomed to wearing feminine apparel from the time he was a baby, developed a desire for things feminine. How could he help it? Once a man has felt the luxurious softness of a silk dress against his skin he will never forget it. *He is forever conditioned to it.*

As for myself, why do I like to wear women's dresses and lingerie? Frankly, I do not know. I was first attracted to things feminine when I was about three years of age. I donned a pair of my aunt's silk undergarments and paraded about in them. As I grew older, when at home alone, I would dress in the clothes of my mother and my two aunts. I would never wear the garments unless I could dress completely, from

the skin out. I love the soft luxurious feeling of silk against my skin.

As I said, I do not know why I started wearing dresses. Neither my mother nor my aunts wanted me to wear them. They censured me more than once when they discovered me dressed in their clothes.

The only woman I have ever known who appreciated my wearing feminine garments and wanted me to wear them, was a young woman I met during the war when I was on leave in the States. She had a home

Another photograph of transvestite "Jeanne" (note autograph). He loves to dress in women's clothes, and carefully hides his face so that his non-transvestite friends won't know him.

of her own where she lived by herself. While I was visiting her one day, she received a call and had to go out for about an hour. She asked me to wait for her. After she had gone I could not resist going to her room and trying on her clothes. I became so engrossed in trying on several of her dresses (I was also, incidentally, wearing her best silk lingerie) that I failed to watch the time, and did not hear her when she returned. She was suddenly standing behind me in the doorway, watching. I was

garbed in a pretty blue silk dress. Instead of berating me, as I expected she would, she complimented me on the way I wore women's clothes, and insisted I continue wearing her clothes for the rest of the evening and for the remainder of my leave. She also allowed me the use of her spare room and was pleased to have me dress in her best clothes. She allowed me to sleep in one of her nightgowns.

At the present time, B., K. and I maintain a separate place where we can wear our feminine garments without distressing our wives. Only rarely is more than one of us there at the same time.

At the beginning of this brief autobiography I said that we were "fortunate unfortunates." We are fortunate because from time to time we can shed harsh masculine clothing and wear beautiful silken dresses and lingerie, which I think are the most comfortable clothes in the world. I feel very much at home in women's clothes. I firmly believe that we all appreciate them much more than women ever do. They should try wearing men's clothes for a while, then they would really appreciate the privilege they have in being able to wear dresses all the time. We are unfortunate in that our desire to dress in feminine garments disrupts our normal routine.

I would like to make it clear that it is possible for an otherwise average man, who likes to wear women's clothes, to do so and still remain "normal." Therefore, I say, "I *like* to wear dresses, so what!"

XIII

Transvestism and Fetishism

by "Bloomer Man"

MY desire to wear feminine attire began when I was quite young. I am now 35, tall, and rather delicately built—an asset to my transvestism. I remember that, as a grammar school pupil, I was sexually exhilarated when I glimpsed bloomers beneath a girl's dress. For some vague reason, the elastic bands that clasped the thighs of the wearers were an important part of the stimulation I experienced. I was much less attracted by the sight of open-legged drawers.

I can remember seeking every opportunity to see bloomers on a girl, and that the color pink seemed more exciting than white. As I grew older, the feeling grew stronger, and with it came a desire to "see what it felt like" to wear a girl's clothes. The complete feminine attire was important, but the underclothing was more important.

First Experience

I was 14 before I gave in to this urge. My sister, three years older, was then about my size. One day when I knew that she and my mother would be out of the house for several hours, I went into my sister's room and removed my clothes. *I had to know!*

I went to her dresser drawer, excitedly selected a pair of pink silk bloomers and a lace-trimmed satin slip of the same color, and put them on. I donned a pleated wool plaid skirt and one of her slipover sweaters. When I looked at myself in the long mirror on the closet door, the sight of myself in a girl's dress and the feel of the silken underwear instantly aroused me. *This was it!* Next, I sat on a chair before the mirror and crossed my legs awkwardly. In doing so, the sight of the shimmering pink underthings, plus their feel, further stimulated me. Afterward I

took the clothes off, put them away and survived the experience without detection. *But the damage had been done! I was a transvestite from then on,* secretly at first, but with broader opportunities as I grew older and became independent.

At first, I continued to dress in my sister's clothes whenever I knew I would be alone in the house for a while. Later, when I began earning money, I bought feminine clothing and hid it in the attic, donning it whenever I found the opportunity. When I was 20, and still living with my mother, she came home unexpectedly one day and found me in my feminine attire. I had dozed on the bed and fallen asleep, quite inadvertently.

When she awoke me, I was so chagrined that I buried my head in my pillow and began to sob. I couldn't say a thing. But my fears were short-lived. After her first shock subsided, and I had collected myself, she began asking me questions and I answered them truthfully. She seemed to understand my feelings completely and finally admitted she "rather liked" seeing me in girl's clothes—"I looked well in them." All this was a tonic to me. The episode ended satisfactorily when my mother brought it to a close by saying that, as far as she was concerned, I might wear dresses at home whenever I chose, and she would never mock me for it. It would be "our secret." I should add I had no father then, and my sister was married by that time and living elsewhere.

Bloomer Fetishism

At this point, my life took a very happy turn. I accepted my mother's confidence, wore dresses constantly at home and began wearing bloomers steadily—that is, under my masculine attire on the street and at work, and, of course, under my dresses and slips at home. I discarded every piece of masculine underwear I owned, and I have never worn any since. To this day, I still wear bloomers to the exclusion of every other type of feminine undergarment, even though they went out of style long ago.

My desire to wear bloomers is of a fetishistic nature from childhood, I feel sure, but still it is the most important single aspect of my transvestism. I have worn bloomers every day for the past fifteen years, and expect to wear them for the rest of my life, under masculine as well as feminine attire; *but their greatest attraction for me comes from wearing them under a complete feminine costume.* When I cannot wear dresses,

however, the bloomers are a great comfort to me and the mainstay of my peace of mind.

When I am with men, in masculine outer attire, I no longer am uneasy, as I was at first, about having silk bloomers on under my trousers. I have become inured to the risks in my "business" world, and in my "home" world I have men and women friends who know I wear bloomers, because I have told them so since they have seen me in skirts at home. As I said before, they *seem* to accept it philosophically. I have simply explained that I wear them because I like the way they feel on me, and I can't find any logical reason for not wearing them. Plenty of illogical reasons, of course—but none logical!

As to my "acceptance" in the "home" world, my mother and I kept the secret for years. But as I grew older I became more and more indifferent to what others might think. After my mother died, when I was 28, I decided to live as I saw fit in my own home, no matter who liked it and without concealing how I lived. I remained a bachelor, of course, and after my mother's death I began talking freely with friends and relatives about non-homosexual men who liked to dress as women. I initiated the subject at every reasonable opportunity, more or less as a "feeler" before I revealed my own situation, and found that their reactions were not those of disgust or repulsion. The consensus seemed to be that such behavior was harmless enough within bounds and not necessarily scorn-provoking. That, of course, was all I needed. I courageously decided to let it be known that I liked to wear dresses—and had done so for years. I apparently convinced many of my friends of the harmlessness of transvestism—as I practiced it.

When I decided to reveal my transvestism to the "home" folks, I was bold about it. When the doorbell rang, I would answer it. When I had company, I would receive them in dresses and they could make their own choice about continuing our friendship. For the record, I must say that none abandoned me, though perhaps it was just morbid curiosity that held some of them to me.

I determined that I would let matters take their own course, and the first one to see me in feminine attire could be the one to start the story on its rounds, as it inevitably would follow.

I remember setting a Monday as the day from which I no longer would conceal my secret. In the evening I invited my closest friends, a young married couple, to visit me. When the doorbell rang, I cannot deny, despite my firm decision, that I was somewhat nervous about meeting

them while wearing feminine clothing. But I drove myself to the door against a temptation to back down, and greeted them in a man-tailored suit consisting of a knee-length pleated skirt and jacket over a white blouse with a lace-frilled collar that overlaid the jacket collar. I wore open-toed flat heel shoes and sheer nylons held up by a garter belt. I never wore or cared for a girdle. Beneath my skirt and blouse, of course, were pink silk bloomers and bra, and a pink rayon slip trimmed at top and bottom with lace. I felt elegant, of course, but my palms were wet as I opened the door.

My guests (the young husband and his wife) obviously seemed astonished, but I regained composure quickly and invited them in. Asked what the "gag" was, I quickly assured them that it was "no gag." I told them candidly that I had been wearing dresses at home for years, and had become tired of being secretive about it. The young husband dismissed the situation casually.

Sexual Satisfaction

I was aware of a greater-than-ever sexual satisfaction from the clothes I had on simply through being seen. It has added to my transvestism, ever since, to be in the presence of others while I have on feminine attire.

The first part of our conversation was tense, but the strangeness lessened as my guests' amazement subsided and they became accustomed to my appearance in a dress. Peculiarly, I began to feel embarrassed about my underwear, much as I liked wearing it. I could not seem to shake off the feeling of embarrassment. I seemed to feel a womanish coyness about my visitors finding out what I had on underneath, yet I seemed to *want* them to know. When I sat down, I kept my knees tightly together and my skirt tucked close to me so that the lace on my slip would not be seen. Once carelessly, I relaxed my guard. I took off my jacket, without thinking. My pink slip showed through the sheer blouse and an odd look swept over the young husband's face. His wife remarked, "Oh, I see you have a slip on, too. Do you always wear one?" "Yes," I said, "I am very fond of silk underwear." Then I lifted my skirt slightly and showed them the lace hem, smiling meekly all the while. "Do you wear panties, too?" she wanted to know. "Well, kind of," I said, "I have bloomers on. I am a little old-fashioned, I guess." She laughed and said she didn't know anyone wore bloomers anymore. This hurt a little, but she quickly salved my feelings by adding that she could understand why I liked silken underwear, whether bloomers or otherwise.

Before the evening was over, I showed them my entire wardrobe. During the following weeks other friends came—the word got around—people went out of their way to assure me that they didn't mind seeing me in dresses. I am simply accepted in my neighborhood today as a man "who wears dresses most of the time, but appears to be quite normal otherwise." At least, this *seems* to be their attitude.

Now, of course, I wear masculine outer attire only during business hours in the daytime. I like to hurry home at night and exchange my trousers and coat for a slip and dress, or skirt outfit, and to spend my week-ends at home this way. When I go to neighbors' homes after dark, I usually wear dresses unless I cannot reach my destination in an automobile. I avoid only the right of the law to pick me up on the street all dressed up in feminine attire.

I find that my life as a transvestite is satisfying, disturbed only by the eight or nine hours each week-day that I must spend in masculine outer attire. Like other transvestites, I would prefer to wear my dresses, slips and bloomers all of the time.

I like sheer nylons; pretty blouses and sweaters to go with my skirts are important to my feminine side, but I never veer from my taste for slips and bloomers underneath. Other types of feminine underwear, oddly enough, have no appeal for me.

XIV

A "True" Transvestite

by "Fay"

I AM Fay, a transvestite, 35 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, and slight. For as long as I can remember I have wished and prayed that I could have been born a woman. I have dressed and acted like a woman, and tried to be womanlike whenever I have had the opportunity.

Without giving a detailed description of myself in women's clothes, I will say that I have a wardrobe which many women would be glad to possess. When dressed in women's clothes, I go out day or night without fear of detection, even among friends, who have never recognized me. In women's clothes I attend concerts, shows, parties and dances, and go to cafés for meals; I also go shopping and try on the latest frocks, hats, etc.

I would like to discuss some misconceptions about transvestism.

First, many transvestites do go out in public in their beloved dresses because of the gratification they gain from being seen in public in their lovely clothes and being accepted as bona fide women—not only among men but women as well. We transvestites want to be women among women—not just before the mirrors in our own rooms.

Second, some speak of female impersonators in the cabarets or on the stage as not being true transvestites—in some cases I would say *yes,* but mostly *no*. Most female impersonators have found that with natural talent they can make a living by appearing in their beloved feminine apparel. I myself would not hesitate if I were talented for the stage. All true transvestites long to wear feminine garments continually and not just whenever the opportunity presents itself. As a talented female impersonator, one would have good reason and excuse for wearing feminine garments most of the time.

I do not put myself in the class which the general public calls "fairies"; in my mind there is nothing more disgusting than to see a man

in men's clothes, with face painted and powdered, and fingernails painted, walking up and down the streets trying to make love to "the men."

We true transvestites have two natures—the true male nature that we must cultivate for the sake of society, and the female nature which is natural to us. I myself, when in men's clothes, have never been accused or suspected of being anything but a *man* among *men*.

Two photographs of "Fay" in feminine attire. He says that he would like to become a woman in body as well as in mind.

But when in dresses, it is a different story—my nature, actions, temperament, walk, etc., are, without effort, those of a woman. As a man I have at no time desired sexual relations with my own sex; but if it were possible for me to become a woman in body as well as mind and nature, I am sure that I would find satisfaction in intercourse with the opposite sex—even to becoming a mother. Since that is not possible, I must seek happiness as a man in female dress—*a true transvestite*.

XV

What Is a Transvestite?

by "Marion"

I SPEAK for transvestites. They are far more common—but better hidden from sight—than ordinarily supposed. Male transvestites are the most common. Since it doesn't make sense for a man to claim to be normal in every way except for his gratification in wearing women's clothes, we are unduly criticized by the public and by doctors. I am sincerely attempting to write the truth.

I live in a Midwestern city that is a great center for medical gatherings, and I count as personal friends dozens of doctors. If I were a freak or really abnormal, they would have administered medical treatment to me long ago. I am normal according to their findings, and I don't need a psychiatrist or male hormone treatment. I know at least two other transvestites who also have been pronounced normal.

Exactly what is a transvestite? Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, the celebrated German sexologist who made a scientific search and an unbiased study of transvestism, gives this definition: "One having the exotic desire for the disguise of the opposite sex."

Then is any man or woman wearing the clothes of the opposite sex a transvestite? No. The definition says "exotic desire." Let us say *pleasantly strange longing* instead. The definition says "disguise"—not clothes. Note that too. Women have longer hair than men and wear it fancier, and often wear make-up, too.

We interpret things in the light of personal experience and believe most easily that which we have seen before. Here is a man (myself) claiming to be normal, just an ordinary fellow except that his greatest thrill comes from wearing dresses. As this probably does not agree with your own past experience. it sounds foolish, so let's think it over. What

have we seen in the past that might apply? Three scenes come to mind; let us see how, if in any way, they are related to transvestism.

Categories of Cross-Dressing

First scene: the "bobby-soxers" of today. One of them is dressed in jeans far too tight for her and wears a man's plaid lumberjack shirt, etc. Can she be a transvestite? No, because she is obviously feminine, though the clothes she wears were intended to be worn by men. So they are not a disguise. How about exotic desire? Certainly not so far as the jeans and shirt are concerned. Her only "exotic desire" is to be noticed. So scene one does not apply.

The second scene is a night club. A lovely buxom hostess escorts the

A photograph of "Marion." He says that real transvestites wear their feminine clothes privately and avoid being seen publicly in female dress.

visiting "butter-and-egg men" to their tables, dances with them, and allows them to publicly show affection for her as the onlookers giggle. They know "Billie" or "Bobbie" is a man in women's clothes. Is he a transvestite? Possibly, but more likely not. The disguise is complete, marvelously done. "Exotic desire" is questionable. For an evening or two, quite likely it could exist. In the mind of a female impersonator who night after night uses such a disguise to earn a living, any pleasantly strange longing would soon die away, and the revulsion from overdoing—not mentioned in the definition but known to all of us who love our

dresses—would soon stop the act. Since this scene is open to question, experience can settle it. Beautiful clothes are expensive. The average female impersonator's wardrobe costs much more than a real female hostess would spend, and the female impersonators say that their salaries alone will not buy their clothes. Police court evidence shows that most female impersonators in night clubs get run out of town for a variety of crimes from deviated sex offenses to "rolling" drunks. So "Billie" or "Bobbie" most likely is not a true transvestite. The mimicking, burlesquing masquerade is the *opposite* of the desire to *hide out* which is common to transvestites.

The third scene is not so familiar to most of us, but is usually brought up by a loud-mouthed character who knows little but has seen everything. He remarks, "Oh, you must mean one of them 'morphodites,' you know, part man and part woman." The slums of every big city possess some varieties of hermaphrodites, either true or false, and they themselves are not sure whether they are men or women. But are they transvestites? No, there is nothing exotic in life for them, and the clothes they wear are what they have been told to wear, so there is no disguise.

The True Transvestite

If these three examples do not present true transvestites, where will we find them? You probably won't find them except through their stories or confessions, and then you haven't met and judged the *real* transvestite person in the flesh.

Even a true transvestite must do much sorting to find another. In almost every instance, any outward revealing display only proves definitely some other deviation, because *genuine transvestites always have a desire to hide out when they dress.* I have located three persons who, like myself, are normal men, who get a thrill out of wearing dresses and who do not have some other more overpowering sex deviation as well.

Since all our stories are the same, and we wish to stand alone and not be mixed or grouped with homosexuals, hermaphrodites, etc., where, who and what are transvestites? That is, where do we find them and how do we know them in real life? I have repeatedly said that a transvestite is a normal man. I have applied the definition to clear our group of other types. Now what can be reported? Only my own experience as a transvestite.

Every real transvestite comes of a good family of reasonable intelligence, is usually a hard worker, is quite often married, and frequently

has children. He is a *normal man.* If we didn't honestly confess our love of dresses, no abnormality could be detected. So what made us different? Doting mothers thought we looked so cute in curls that we just had to wear darling little dresses too—*too long and too late!* It is a definite fact, established by the evidence, that each of us who wore our curls and dresses too long had a fling at being a real boy but with secret longings we could not understand—not definitely for feminine apparel as such, but rather for the feel and touch of silks, satins, laces, ribbons, ruffles, tight-fitting garments and hair. The secret longings forced us to try on mother's or sister's things whenever we dared to. Most every one of us could whip most of the gang, and be the noisiest boy in the crowd, too. We all learned about girls in the usual way, first pulling their hair, putting bugs down their necks, etc., then enjoying dates at parties and singling out our choice. No feminine tendencies were associated with these episodes—just all boy, *except for that exotic desire to feel those feminine clothes on us.* Some of our mothers caught us. Usually they decided we would forget it.

There is the picture as best I can paint it. We are not morons or freaks. We do not need either sympathy or special attention. Again I repeat, we are normal men—no more, no less—who get a thrill out of wearing dresses.

I would not dispute the word of a doctor on the spot with a definite person before him. I am in excellent health. We transvestites do not need to have our heads examined or take male hormone treatment just because the thrill of our life happens to be a new sheer black dress, etc.

But how to go ahead with a home in a crowded city, hold a good position, be a respected male citizen, and find a safe time and place to wear dresses? Somehow we have had to work out a way. Our desire to wear dresses has to be a secret, though not because we are ashamed. We have moments when we would like to stand at the city's busiest street intersection in our finest dresses and shout what we are. But we haven't the nerve to do that—and if we did have, then I know we would need a psychiatrist.

I have said that our only difference (some would call it abnormality) is getting a thrill out of wearing dresses. This can bring up some added thoughts, such as: Don't you feel like a clumsy ox in a dress?

There is a final test. A normal man without the transvestite urge most certainly would—and so would a transvestite if he were forced to wear feminine clothes in public. We have to seek privacy; but in private, after several days of thinking about it as the urge builds up, we find our

opportunity to dress. I am completely honest and sincere in saying that no girl dresses more painstakingly for her sweetheart than one of us does in getting out our treasures and lovingly donning them. How about that clumsy feeling now? Believe me—please believe me—*there is none.* As we do each little part of bathing, using body cosmetics, as we draw on lovely undies fit for a bride, and finally as we achieve the latest thrill in a stylish dress, getting that hair-do just right and the make-up perfect—a spell comes over us. We become feminine, dainty and self-assured as naturally as day follows night. It isn't a perfect performance like the female impersonator night-club hostess. We are not mimicking; we haven't practiced. Our procedure just comes naturally. It may even be crude, undoubtedly it would appear so to a hidden observer. But we are not acting—we are "women" to our very souls, literally removed out of this world.

Narcissism

There is undoubtedly an element of inverted narcissism (sexual love for oneself) in these moments. The spell holds from a mirrored view as we primp. "Passion spots"—warm areas seemingly under pressure —appear in places on our bodies, in spots common to women, uncommon to men. Well, here we are: grand ladies all dressed up and no place we dare go. Of course you can parade around a bit. You feel so heavenly feminine that you try out the full-length mirror. You notice that shoulder droop, that awkward step. The spell breaks, but the urge holds. You change into a robe, primp a bit, smile at yourself, recover most of that ecstasy, and lie down to read.

If this realistic description sounds foolish, you can't blame anyone for suggesting a psychologist; but believe me, the thrill is there for us. We are satisfying a desire fixed in us before we could help ourselves. We would rather die than be seen by close business associates while we are dressed in feminine attire; yet every so often comes the urge, and we have all found that it is wise to satisfy that urge. Only a transvestite can realize the satisfaction that often comes from gazing at his own ankles in sheer nylons and cut-away high-heel shoes, or raising skirts and reassuring himself that his body lines are smooth and feminine with no tell-tale bulge of poorly concealed genital parts.

Can we quit or be cured? What is there to cure? Of course we can quit—*we do quit, until the next overpowering urge.*

What happens if you don't satisfy that urge or desire? You try

not to notice it because you are sure you have stopped the practice. Each day the unsatisfied urge continues, you become a little more moody, a little more nervous. Ordinarily you pay little attention to women. Oh, you may notice a bright red dress or too short a dress; but most of us transvestites are married and past the "wolf" stage.

But let's say that a good-looking woman passes your place of business every day, and that you have hardly given her a second glance. Now as you continue to put off the urge, you begin to notice her more—not in lust as a man, *but real catty as a female.* You just know that her hair is bleached, you would not wear that shade of make-up, that hat is wrong with that dress, she is too plump for a suit—in short, you begin to see how you could wear those same clothes much better than that silly woman! You make more mistakes in your business day than usual. So you finally arrange to satisfy that consuming desire again.

This seems odd, and queer, but so does baseball when viewed by persons wholly unfamiliar with it; yet those who understand it are thrilled by it. So please believe me, a normal man can love dresses and be possessed of an urge to wear them.

XVI

Transvestism and Narcissism

by "F.X.Y."

I AM a male, forty-seven years of age, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 171 pounds, am married, and have three children. Physically I am outwardly average; yet I have a double *coccyx* (bony end of spine) plus an oversize bone structure. A physician who examined me by means of a fluoroscope informed me that this examination showed I had absorbed a twin before my birth. The truth or falseness of this opinion is a matter for medical authorities to decide.

My feminine instincts are limited to periodic urges to wear female attire, these urges being strongest at the time of a new moon and lasting for a day or two, or perhaps a week or more. Resistance to these inclinations invariably leaves me headachy and nervously upset, while satisfaction has the opposite effect—as though satisfying the urges were "natural" behavior.

I have no conscious homosexual desires. In fact I once subjected myself to an "acid test" by attending a private "drag" in feminine attire. I quickly discovered that to be fondled and petted by a member of my own sex was very distasteful and downright revolting. On the contrary, I have found that when I assumed a passive role in feminine attire with a woman *in male attire,* sexual gratification was satisfactorily consummated. This practice, however, was limited to "urge" periods; at other times my sex acts were perfectly natural.

Sex relations between my wife and myself have at all times been average. She has never even seen me wearing feminine clothing; for though I fully revealed my urge before our marriage, we both agreed that her seeing me so dressed could create a feeling of revulsion on her part. We have experienced a happily married life for twelve years by the

simple expedient of keeping my inclinations out of the home; and of course it has been kept secret from our children.

Childhood History

My mother was in her late forties when I was born. She had old-fashioned ideas about proper attire for children. I was five before I first wore trousers, and even then I had frilled drawers under them for almost a year. Of course my hair remained uncut and I wore hairbows. I was started off to school in trousers, but with long hair and a hairbow. The hairbow was discarded the first day at the request of the teacher and, no doubt, because of my anguished tears at the teasing I received from my classmates—yet the children with whom I had played before I attended school had seen nothing unusual in my manner of dressing. Shortly afterward, my hair was cut, as my father declared he did not want a "sissy" son.

It was during those early years that the first trace of the fetish phase of my life made its appearance, for I experienced an exciting sensation whenever I heard the rustle of a taffeta petticoat or dress. I remember hearing my mother tell about how I would run my fingers over her skirts (she wore taffeta much of the time, as it was fashionable), exclaiming "Nice silk! Pretty silk!" and of her having to punish me for sneaking into the closet where the garments hung to caress and hug them. If one was left within my reach, I would put it on and parade about. It is perhaps interesting to note that *only taffeta garments held this particular interest for me.*

From five to eight years of age, I would often tease mother to let me dress up in one of her petticoats or a discarded dress; but she always wisely refused, telling me not to be "silly." However, I did not let this restrain me, for I would wear them secretly.

Perhaps I would have outgrown this habit, had my parents not decided to try putting me into "petticoats and drawers" (my father's expression) to punish me. I was almost nine at the time. The idea was undoubtedly crystallized by the fuss I made over the mere threat of my being compelled to wear girls' clothes, my reaction being that of any normal healthy boy threatened with "petticoats." A complete set of frilly undies and a sash frock were purchased, and they were given to me one Sunday afternoon in the presence of several visiting relatives.

I shall never forget the occasion, for I was dressed in the new clothes then and there. After that I was forced to wear them for varying periods,

but only in the house. I resented this practice of my wearing petticoats in the presence of the family and the servants. On the other hand, when I put them on in secret, I found pleasure in preening before a mirror, picturing myself as a girl and examining my frilly underclothes.

At eleven, I had my first sexual experience. I was discovered by one of the maids parading about in petticoats. She threatened to tell on me if I did not do what she asked. I was too frightened to refuse. She had me disrobe and then arrayed me in her undergarments, taking great delight in lacing me into a pair of stays and a maid's uniform. Fully dressed, she pretended I was a girl and made love to me; but her efforts towards sexual gratification were negligible because of my age. She seemed quite disgusted with me, explaining that at the place where she had last worked—when she dressed up the young master—he had responded quite differently; but she did not explain in what way. However, she did not reveal my secret, nor did she try any sexual activities with me again.

Narcissism

At thirteen I was sent away to boarding school. There I sated my urge by putting on the clothing of the housemaster's wife. I might add that I always attended school masquerades in feminine costumes and took female rôles in school plays. As I was very active in athletics, no one suspected my secret. It was about this time that I started autoerotic practices—always in feminine attire and before a mirror. During vacation periods, I found solace in putting on my mother's clothing (I had completely outgrown the "punishment costume"), especially several discarded taffeta garments I found in an old trunk in the attic.

When I was fifteen, an adult girl cousin came to live with us, affording me the opportunity to wear her clothing, which I found more pleasing than my mother's, as it was considerably more frilly. I often wonder whether she knew of my practice; but the only hint she ever gave that she was aware of it was one evening when she suggested that she dress me up in her green taffeta dress while she put on my father's evening clothes, and that together we visit the neighbors. When I refused to be a party to this scheme, she remarked, "But you know perfectly well that there is nothing you would like better!"

Today, when I feel the urge, I retire to a small apartment which I maintain for the purpose—ostensibly leaving on a business trip—where I can indulge without fear of discovery. This hideout is of course femininely

appointed, soft pinks and blues predominating, and here I can assume an assortment of characters: A little girl in short frilled petticoats, drawers, sash frock and hairbow; a French maid in a black taffeta uniform over layers of starched white petticoats, lace cap and apron; a young woman in evening attire; or a belle of the 1860's or early 1800's.

Visits to the hide-out invariably follow the same pattern. I fit on a

A photograph of the author dressed as a girl when he was about 7 years of age. His parents forced him to wear girls' clothes as a punishment for misbehaving.

silk supporter (of my own design) which draws my genitals close under my crotch—giving me a feminine contour. Then I don lingerie, hose, slippers, etc., and sit before my dressing table to make up my face.

Sometimes I like to pretend that I am being forced into petticoats by domineering women (represented by two dress manikins), who force me to parade about before them, displaying my underthings; at other times I (in the maid costume) pretend to force a boy (I have a manikin for this also) to dress in girl's clothes. Again, I like to compose short stories, illustrating them profusely with magazine advertisements or cuts from old fashion magazines (male heads on female bodies) in which the main character is invariably a boy or a man under the heel of domineering women.

In conclusion I might add that I still find it very embarrassing to go to my costumer's for fittings, and even more so to ask a saleslady in a department store for this or that article of underwear, for my "wife" or "sister"—as the sales persons invariably ask questions about size.

Perhaps the physician was correct in his "twin" theory and that it is because of "her" (the female twin) that I find relaxation and comfort in dainty feminine attire.

Editor's Note:—This is a most interesting case history of transvestism with some unusual aspects. The subject—a highly intelligent, well-bred man of good family—was evidently born as a "single twin," having partially absorbed in his body another twin. The physician found a double bony end of the spine, which would confirm the suspicion of a fusion of an extra twin within the subject's body.

Such subjects often have an ovotestis, a combination of a male testicle plus part of a female ovary, in their bodies. If such an organ was found in the subject's abdomen, there is a chance that this might account for some of the female characteristics which the subject speaks about. If that is the case, part of his affliction might be accounted for, but we repeat, it is purely speculative on our part. An exploratory operation would have to be performed to ascertain if such an internal organ existed.

We must insist, however, that by far the more important cause in this case is his upbringing, while a child, as a female, i.e., as a boy dressed in female attire. We have many times stated that dressing young children in their opposite sex clothing causes a most powerful and lasting fixation.

As soon as the child can reason, even slightly, from the age of three onward, the damage that is done by artificial sex fixation is difficult to eradicate in later years. This boy—up to his 6th year—was dressed in female clothes. Now, the period between the ages of 3 and 6 is a most formative one in the life of man: habits and living patterns impressed in those early years are difficult to change in later years. This the subject himself has brought out in a most forceful manner, giving an imperative warning to those parents who insist on playing hard and fast with their childrens' lives during their early development.

If parents would only understand that it is dynamite to depart from the *normal* upbringing of their young children, we would not have as many misfits in the world as we have today.

XVII

A Bisexual Transvestite

by "W.L."

I'M a transvestite and enjoy it. I see no harm in wearing feminine clothing, as long as I do not broadcast the fact.

Several years ago, I attempted to suppress the desire, through fear that I would become an outright homosexual. I still do take occasional flyers at suppression, though the only times I can indulge in my pet "hobby" now are on furloughs and extended passes. (The writer is in the Army). But I'm not concerned about the problem any more. The only fear that I have had in the past few years is that someone would walk into my room and discover me. And I would feel very silly and lose a couple of friends.

"Pinafore" Punishment

I can't put my finger on the how or why of my case. Both parents are extremely masculine and feminine respectively. At the age of 7, I felt a strange pleasure at seeing another little boy in a Scottish kilt in a school play. A short time later my guardian threatened me with a dress—"pinafore punishment"—if I didn't quit playing with girls. I was scared to death.

Father was off on long business trips; mother worked all day. I was in boarding school at 8. I came home on weekends. All day Saturday I was alone in the house. One day I ran out of things to do. I dug into mother's dresses and tried one on. It was fun, new, different. Several weeks later, I'd become more ambitious, wore her underthings and shoes, and finally dressed myself in a complete outfit. I enjoyed working around the house in my mother's clothing, but I was scared to death of discovery.

The school I attended was co-educational, but the boys were

threatened with feminine apparel if they associated with the girls. I was frightened by the prospect of being forced into a dress and wearing it for the prescribed 24 hours, everywhere. But I enjoyed seeing some of my unfortunate 12-year old friends suffering in femininity for the cause of True Love.

I still don't understand this paradox.

At 17, I went away to college. Two years later, I bought my first feminine garments—a pair of silk hose and a pair of high-heeled patent leather pumps. I had a room to myself. I donned these things every night, draping a towel around me to simulate a skirt. Then I began buying complete costumes. I wore them continuously, except during brief periods of self-disgust when I'd wrap them all up in a bundle and mail them to the Salvation Army.

I became bolder, too. A girl I was going with suggested that I should wear a corset—I was getting fat. "Perhaps I will," I told her. The next night, under my "virile" suit, I was wearing a satin girdle, hose, bra and panties. I was much more thrilled in the knowledge that she knew my "secret," than I had been in my solitary exhibitions before a mirror. She was one of those few girls who enjoyed seeing boys in feminine clothing, though she was quite feminine herself—decidedly feminine in dress, carriage and appearance.

Whenever no one was at her home, I would bring my clothes over to her house and dress up. She treated me as though I were another girl and I enjoyed it. That's evidence of homosexuality, isn't it?

Since then I started seeking girls who would enjoy seeing me in skirts. I started wearing lingerie under my male clothing daily, too. But I couldn't bear the idea of a man seeing me in feminine costume.

I found quite a few girls who were delighted to see me in skirts and high heels; and I was flattered when they told me I looked pretty.

Only one man ever saw me dressed up. That was accidental. One of my girl friends remarked that her maid had quit. I told her I'd love to take her place for a night. And I did, with pleasure. Except that instead of the traditional maid's uniform, I wore an expensive velvet suit, frilly blouse, silk stockings and black suede pumps. Several other girls were in the apartment that night. They enjoyed me tremendously. But one of them called up her boy friend and invited him over, without my knowledge. She was determined that I should have a "date." When the doorbell rang, I bolted panic-stricken for the bedroom, as I usually did. But they laughingly blocked my path. I was trapped, and when he

came in and grinned all evening with amusement, I felt extremely embarrassed. To top it off, they all took me to my apartment—still in my costume. It was the first and only time I ever appeared in public like that. They walked me 10 blocks, but it was late and there were few people in the district. And those that did pass me didn't notice anything out of the way. Then, at the door, two of the girls held me while my "date" kissed me goodnight. I must admit that I liked it. I felt very feminine in those costumes, and he was quite attractive and good-natured.

I married a girl who enjoys—and abets—my "pastime." She has bought me lace petticoats, shoes, skirts and nightgowns. We have a "balanced" married life. We're inverted occasionally. I slip into a feminine costume and she makes love to me. Most of the time we are "normal" in our relations—because we prefer it that way, though the inversion has added interest to our marriage.

Homosexual Component

I do have a trace of the homosexual in me. In grammar school I had a "crush" on a boy—but he never knew it. In summer camp, I had another, at 15. He never knew it, either.

In my feminine clothing, I generally would look at myself in admiration. In various feminine poses and with legs crossed "alluringly," I'd shut my eyes and engage in self-gratification till I'd reach a climax at the point when my ideal lover would kiss me. I kept up this practice till I was married. Since then, on long absences from my wife, I go through the same routine, but without the pleasure of wearing feminine clothes—still with the same mental picture. My phantom lover never goes farther than a "kiss," though during the past years he has "caressed" my "silk-clad legs" in my imagination.

The action, or plot, of the day-dream during self-gratification, usually has been the same. I imagine that I am alone with a group of girls. They are sneering at me and casting aspersions at my virility. One would say: "He'd look cute in a skirt"; while another suggests that they "fix me up." Next I am forced into soft satin lingerie. They dress me completely while I tearfully protest. I am weak and helpless against their strength and determination (although I weigh 173 pounds, actually, and have made 11 training jumps).

I am forced to parade before them—in bra, panties, hose, spike heels and a chiffon négligée—until they heed my pleas to let me wear a dress. They complete my dressing, and one of them—a big girl, usually—

pulls me roughly to her, and kisses and pets me while I sob helplessly.

One of them then calls her boy friend over—my ideal—and he overcomes my panic and protests, after making me sit on his lap. I succumb to his caresses and experience an orgasm.

That's the fundamental theme: *I am forced into wearing feminine apparel. I am humiliated by girls. I am overcome by a male lover.*

The lover resembles the boy I had a crush on when I was in grammar school. I haven't seen him, heard from him or written to him in 5 years. Actually, we were only casual friends at best. And he is completely heterosexual.

Active homosexuality is out of the question with me, for a number of reasons:

My ideal is unattainable. I love my wife too much. And physical relations beyond those described are abhorrent to me. I have had the opportunity for them, as many people—normal and psychopathic—do. I've met a few outright homosexuals who have suggested relations. Though sympathetic with their condition, I have turned away from them each time in revulsion.

I would also, I believe, make romantic love to a pretty boy in feminine apparel. I'd treat him as a favorite girl friend whom I'd like to marry—and whom I'd keep inviolate till I married "her."

But my ideal feminine male is also nonexistent. He must look lovely in feminine apparel, and have all the feminine virtues of dignity, chastity, mental refinement and high intelligence. He must love me as a perfect sweetheart would.

I experience a conglomeration of sexual emotions. I'm extremely fond of female companionship and have had sexual relations—very satisfactory ones—with several women. My approach was always virile and aggressive, because I felt that way.

I volunteered for parachute duty, and survived a training course which knocked out 45 per cent of the original recruits.

My virility has never been doubted in the Army or anywhere else. Even the girls who have seen me in feminine apparel and who know my love for it never referred to me as a "sissy" or "pansy." Such concepts never seemed to suggest themselves to their minds.

Yet, there is the other side of the picture.

I might add that I enjoy relations with extremely feminine girls in very feminine clothing, while they are fully dressed. This is also evidence of fetishism.

Editor's Note:—There are cases on record which throw much light on the making of transvestites. In one instance, a mother, purely as a matter of amusement, put a 6-month-old child into a silk stocking which was large enough to accommodate the baby up to the buttocks. She did this a number of times. The child evidently became conditioned to the feel of the silk against his bare body. Later on, the child was dressed in girl's clothes by the mother, who thought "he looked so cute in girl's dresses."

In due time the young man became a transvestite. We have reason to believe that the silk stocking probably did as much mischief as the girl's dresses, because there is nothing stronger or more formative than early impressions on a child.

We suspect that the fetishistic conditioning in this subject started long before he was eight years old. He may not even be aware of this. The point is that transvestites usually like the feel of silken things because they were conditioned to them early in one way or another. They may have been wrapped in a piece of silk cloth, or placed on a silk comforter, etc., or they may have come in contact with silk or similar cloths a great many times in circumstances which associated sexual excitation with the material, long before they could reason. Then later on—as with this boy at the age of eight—the "feeling of silk" was remembered and a sexual experience followed.

Now we come to the part where the young boy professes to have been frightened at the prospect of being dressed in girl's clothing. He tells of two different experiences—one at the age of seven and one when he already attended school. In the latter case, the boys were threatened with the wearing of feminine apparel. In each instance this frightened him.

Why the fear? Evidently the boys imparted this fright to him; but subconsciously our subject was very much excited by this and it simply became a case of "stolen sweets." In other words, the somewhat suppressed previously conditioned inclination for silks and girl's clothes made the incident a desirable adventure to him, which he knew he would dearly like to experience sooner or later. The fright, to put it another way, was not fright at all, but *an exciting wishful anticipation.* Boys at puberty experience fear when they go out with a girl; girls anticipate the same sort of fright when they first have a date with a boy: *the fright of the unknown.*

This particular case may be considered an instance of *bisexualism.*

Our subject is married and has a wife whom he loves. He may even prove to be a good husband for some time to come. But his bisexualism is strongly expressed not only in his transvestite affliction, but, as he admits himself, "I do have a trace of the homosexual in me." We strongly suspect that this homosexual leaning is even stronger than his transvestism; this is proved by his day-dreams which he relates very minutely, giving further expression to his homosexual feelings. He furthermore admits that in his day-dreams he is still looking for the perfect male, although so far he has not found him.

We believe that our subject's greatest test will come when he gets older and when perchance he will meet a man whom he thinks comes near his ideal; then an explosion may take place. Usually these experiences are not pleasant. They not only may break up his marriage, but worse damage may be done.

Fortunately, it is possible to medically treat cases of this type nowadays. Most physicians can do nothing for them; only psychiatrists are able to be of help in such cases.

XVIII

A Middle-Aged Transvestite

by "Marion"

I AM 41 years old, happily married, and have a son 8 years of age. I have a responsible position in one of the largest industrial firms in this part of the country. I also am "all man" and couldn't fairly be called a "sissy" in actions, appearance or dress. I am physically in good health, with normal sexual glands and organs.

Childhood

When my mother was 16 years old, the death of her father forced her to assume the management of an 80-acre farm. She was small, very feminine, and wanted pretty clothes and good times very badly. I was born 10 months after her marriage. She had very little chance to have and enjoy nice things. She strongly desired a girl baby, and I was kept in long curls until nearly five years old.

In my grade school years, I was the loudest one denouncing other boys who had to wear fancy costumes in school entertainments, yet in my own mind I had a longing for a chance to wear even fancier costumes. I say fancier because I thought more about lace, ribbons, silks, or velvets rather than strictly feminine apparel.

At 11 or 12 years of age, I was nearly as large as my mother and would wear her clothes every time I was left alone with them. Mother died when I was 16, and left my father and me to the job of raising four younger children. I practically became the "mother" of the brood.

I married at 20 and for several years hardly mentioned my innermost desires to my wife. I got a sort of left-handed thrill out of buying nice things for her. She approved highly of my selections until she finally understood how I felt and what I wanted. Then she began buying a

suitable feminine garment as my gift at each anniversary and at Christmas until I had a fine woman's wardrobe.

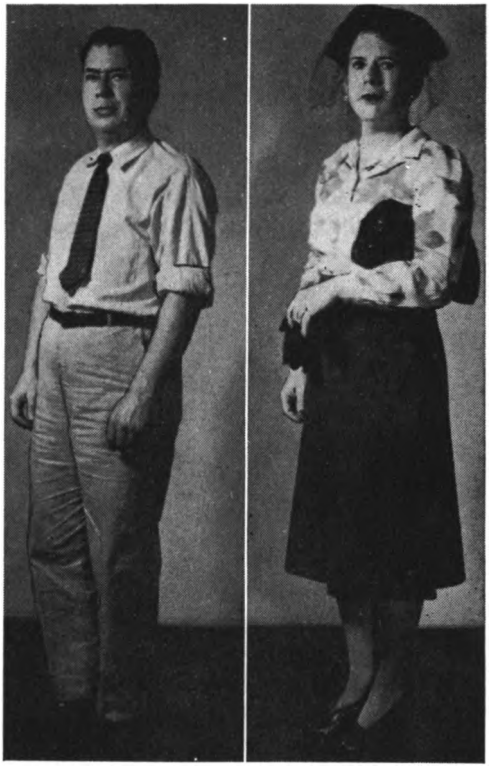
I have not slept in anything but a beautiful nightgown for the last 16 years except for a few weeks in the hospital. I have everything any woman would usually wear, house dresses, street dresses, a suit, formals, lounging robes, beautiful lingerie, corsets, girdles, etc.

An attack of meningitis shortened the chords in my legs, making high heels far more comfortable than low ones. I injured my back several years ago and my abdomen is sagging somewhat, so a good, well-fitted corset feels heavenly. I like make-up and have everything I need in just the right shades. As a man in men's clothes, I feel somewhat old and worn. As a woman, properly dressed and made up, I look easily 10 years younger. I feel so much lighter on my feet that I naturally wear dresses every moment I can. Somehow, from the time I slip into my corset until I disrobe, I am a woman, mentally and spiritually at least.

I don't parade around in public in dresses and I have a horror of being seen, though I have shown myself to several of my neighbors and explained what I have written above. All of them seem to think it is my own business and not harming anyone else. My wife is sickly and I often must take over the washing or the housework, but never until I am a woman from the skin out. On long winter evenings we often sit and sew together, and on several occasions neighbors have come in to join us. At such times, a total stranger would never know there was a man present. My first name is Marion and I am just as much a woman in all actions, fun, etc., as any other one present. I don't know of anything I enjoy more than being a woman in a clean-minded, hard-working group of such women.

An increase in transvestite desires in middle age is often attributable to weakened male sex hormone functioning or to overwork, producing a temporary similar effect. I notice a decided difference from overwork, and have found satiation of the desire along with sufficient rest a satisfactory remedy. After a prolonged period of overwork, I take a hot bath and remain in it a while, then rub down with my favorite cologne, shave closely, get into my best corset and stockings, make up as perfectly as possible and put on my frilliest robe and slippers reserved for this sort of occasion. I then lie down on my chaise lounge to read. Nothing ever gave me a greater sense of comfort or well being than about three hours of this, and no woman ever felt more completely feminine than I do at such times.

To people, in general, may I say that if you don't have the desire for garments of the other sex, *don't ever start wearing them;* but if you have an overpowering desire for them, get everything you need and wear them occasionally. Work on yourself and your garments till you can feel some pride in your appearance. When I am dressed in feminine attire, I have every appearance of being a sweet, clean dignified lady, and I *am* exactly that from my soul out.



Two photographs of transvestite "Marion," dressed in his regular male clothes and in his preferred feminine attire. He has dressed as a woman in the privacy of his home for many years. He is married and says his wife accepts his transvestite inclinations.

The only danger I have found is that of making a fool or a spectacle of myself through overdoing it. The periods of revulsion are quite normal and serve as a balance to prevent overdoing.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Most transvestites innocently believe that their condition is harmless and that as long as they do not annoy or harm others, there should be no reason for their not leading the life they like best; that is, dressing up as a woman whenever they have the urge. However,

they usually forget that with advancing age, their condition tends to become aggravated in a number of respects.

The Wife's Problem

If they are married, it is true that often the wife is understanding and cooperates with her husband's so-called "caprice." Yet while the average dutiful wife does so, secretly she sooner or later begins to ask herself if she should continue living with a man of this type. She may not admit this to her husband, particularly if she is at all dependent upon him. But there is no question that the transvestite in his own home "loses face" more and more as the years go on, and in the end his wife and children (as the case may be) first begin to ridicule him and later on may hate him for his anomaly.

Transvestites should always remember that 99% of the normal people "run with the herd." They know how "normal" men act; if the husband or father begins to act unnaturally over a long stretch of years, sooner or later this will induce open resentment.

Coupled to this is the fact that he does not grow younger; with advancing age, his appearance will count more and more against him. "Marion" himself says this: *"In men's clothes I feel somewhat old and worn."* Here we have an admission which is serious and over which he should ponder long and deeply. *It is a confession that as a man he is rapidly failing,* and he therefore seeks recourse in women's clothing to hide his deficiency, instead of striving against advancing age, as most normal men do, with all their vigor.

"Marion" further says that when his neighbors see him clothed in women's finery, they are very nice about it; they tell him that it is his own business and that it concerns only him. We are quite certain, however, that if he could listen to what they are saying about him when he is not around, he would never invite them again!

There is one more important point to be made; it is the great danger of the transvestite's becoming more and more addicted to his "eccentricity" as time goes on. It is apt to become particularly acute when he reaches middle age. This is a crucial time for the transvestite because if he does not strive to keep his virility, he will become more female as the years pass. He will lose most of his aggressiveness and will begin to think as a woman, and act and live as a woman.

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. . . men in female dress

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